

## A TALE OF VAVAOO.

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A FEW years since, an English vessel touched at Vavaoo, one of the Friendly Islands. The crew were very hospitably received by the king, and being detained several weeks on account of some necessary repairs, became intimate with the most distinguished natives. The Europeans found these people extremely amiable as friends, although they could easily perceive, that when influenced by hostile feelings, their character was irritable, ferocious, and vindictive. The queen having sustained a slight injury from a fall, Mr. Piers, the surgeon of the ship was requested to attend her, and for that purpose resided chiefly in the king's house. His acquaintance with his hosts soon improved into friendship; for their characters were eminently calculated to please each other. Piers was an ardent enthusiastic spirit, overflowing with kindness, and acutely sensitive; he had long pined for more cordial intercourse than the superficial civility of polished society, and he was delighted to find himself actually beloved and cherished by beings in whose susceptibility, unaffected manners, and uncontrolled passions, he found something congenial with his own feelings, and whose simplicity and ignorance of European arts did not, in his opinion, degrade them in the scale of humanity, or render them less interesting. Nor

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were they less pleased with an European, who united more of European intelligence with more of native affability and kindness than any other white man they had seen. This connection became so intimate on both sides, that Piers began seriously to think of ending his days among his new friends, alledging, as an excuse, to the English, the delicate state of his health, and the congeniality of the climate with his constitution. But the crew were by no means willing to relinquish the valuable services of their surgeon upon the eve of their long and perilous homeward voyage. The officers remonstrated with him, and the men proceeded to menaces. It is not likely that he was intimidated, since the natives, a warlike and well-armed people, were able and willing to protect him. But he probably reflected that his engagements ought to be kept sacred, and that his obstinacy might involve many of his countrymen in destruction. He therefore sailed with the rest. Soon after his arrival in England he fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint, which had attacked him on the voyage, and he died in obscurity at London. Some papers which he left, remained untouched for several years, until an inquisitive relative was lately induced to open them, when his curiosity was rewarded with the following tale, which he supposes to be

founded on facts relating to the royal pair who had been so much esteemed by his kinsman ; but he has hitherto had no opportunity of ascertaining the truth of this conjecture.

THE lovely Mamana, reclining on soft mats, in the shades of her cocoa-grove, directed the labours of her women, who were busily staining with various devices and colours the fine cloths of gnatoo, with which their mistress was soon to be adorned as the bride of the valiant Malohi. Amidst the thousand charms of the female band, Mamana, the descendant and representative of the great and ancient, shone conspicuous by the beauty and majesty of her person, the dignity and sweetness of her countenance, and the easy grace of her attitude and gestures. But at intervals her abstracted air and deep sighs, betrayed the feverish anxiety of the destined bride. Her faithful Imahie observed the restless thoughts of her mistress ; she thought of the tranquilizing power of song, and made a sign to two of the maidens ; one of whom instantly began the following old national melody, which the other accompanied on the fango-fango, or flute, into which she skilfully breathed through her nostril.

Fresh from ocean blows the breeze,  
And the sun sinks in the seas  
In crimson clouds of fire :  
Let us seek the rocky shore,  
Where the rolling surges roar  
With loud and furious ire.  
From lofty cliffs, with fearful joy we'll bend,  
And see the dashing waves beneath contend.

Thence to that sweet shelter'd bay,  
Where the crystal waters play  
O'er smooth and solid sands,  
There our polish'd limbs we'll lave,  
And wanton freely o'er the wave,  
A gay and mirthful band.  
For sportive maids the gods that shelter keep  
Safe from the greedy monsters of the deep.

How joyful once we pass'd the hours,  
We danc'd, we sang, we twin'd our flow'rs  
Or sported in the tide,  
Ere yet the youth of Vavaoo  
The savage strangers war-canoe  
To battle had defy'd.  
Ye powers divine, the woes of war remove,  
Restore the happy days of peace and love !

The sweet and simple air breathed a placid calm into the heart of Mamana, which music ruled with absolute power. But the concluding words filled her dark eyes with tears, for she feared that her young warrior might soon be compelled to exchange her fond embraces for the deadly grapple of the men of Hamoa.

Whilst she was absorbed in these thoughts, Taiofa, a renowned warrior, who long had sought her hand, stood suddenly before her. Scarcely could she endure his fierce and eager gaze, and the terrible lowering of his dark brow ; and she saw, with a momentary terror, that he wore his war-dress, and carried the ponderous club so dreaded by the foe. The women shrieked at his appearance, and starting up, awaited the event in trembling expectation. He regarded them not, but suppressing with difficulty the stormy passions which convulsed his soul, thus addressed Mamana in a low and constrained voice, terrific from its forced moderation. " Mamana, there is yet a moment between thee and ruin. Malohi never shall possess thee. The gods who gave me superior valour, decreed that I should choose before him. Why will the wretch rush into the fatal jaws of the shark. Who now lives that hath injured Taiofa ?"

" Have I injured thee ?" replied the maiden, " have I no right to give my hand to whom I please ? Was I born thy slave, or hast thou bought me from a captor ? It well becomes thee to vaunt thy ferocity to a defenceless woman. My father was as much the terror of the foe as thou art, but who ever heard him boast ? When did Malohi talk of his deeds ?"

" When did he perform them ?" retorted Taiofa ; " two or three warriors may have sunk beneath his club—weak men of little fame. Who in Vavaoo compares him with Taiofa ? When I banqueted in Fiji on the flesh of the bravest warriors of the land slain by this arm, thy puny minion sickened at the sight of my warlike feast. But it is plain that the gods have devoted the wretch to destruction."

As he said this he whirled round his heavy club, and then struck it furiously on the ground. His eyes sparkled with rage. Mamana was terrified, yet with true female address she sought to calm the maddening chief. She approached him in tears and took his hand. "Taiofa," she said, "thou wert the friend of my father, and often hast thou promised that venerable chief to protect his daughter. Wilt thou then destroy her? Thou hast four wives younger and fairer than Mamana, why dost thou seek to increase the disquietude of thy home? Thou art the most formidable of the warriors of our island, but Malohi is loved by many chiefs of renown. His death would not pass unrevenged. Cease then, these cruel thoughts, and live in friendship and peace with Mamana and the beloved of her heart."

At these words Taiofa writhed with impatience; once he half raised his club to crush the fair pleader; but he thought of his fame. "Live, foolish girl," he cried, "live, and marry my hated rival; but remember that Taiofa hath vowed his death."

He strode angrily away, leaving Mamana oppressed with grief and fear. As custom would not allow her to visit her intended husband before their marriage, she instantly dispatched a messenger in search of him. Malohi was quickly at her feet, and heard the tender warnings of her fears. Indignation and fury blazed in his eyes when he heard of the insults she had suffered; but he uttered no threats. Mamana, however, saw the fierce resolution he had formed. "No, Malohi," she said, "leave him to the torments of his own furious passions; risk not thy virtuous life against this monster, who is, alas! too formidable. Inform the chiefs, thy friends, of his designs. Keep thy followers about thee; neglect no means of securing thy own safety, but provoke not the contest. Subdue that horrid useless passion for revenge—leave this violent man to himself, and let us hope that time and reflection will soften his ferocious heart, and make him seek our friendship and forgiveness."

The youth kissed his beautiful counsellor, and promised to avoid his enemy. He then conversed with her on their future prospects, and laid down many a visionary scheme of bliss. In this delightful converse they remained till late in the evening; the full moon beamed brightly over the scene—the nightingale's sweet and plaintive song thrilled through the woods—the lovers seemed alone in the world, and all the world to each other. They parted reluctantly at Mamana's house, where her female attendants received her.

In the morning they heard that Taiofa had left the island, and rejoiced in his departure, which they attributed to shame and remorse for his outrageous behaviour. No further obstacle impeding the wishes of the lovers, their nuptials were celebrated a few days afterwards with due solemnities and rejoicings. The king and all the principal chiefs, to whom Malohi was deservedly dear, attended the festivity.

The marlay, an extensive lawn before the royal mansion, was the scene of the nuptial rejoicings. At one end of it the king, the principal chiefs, the bride and bridegroom, were seated to witness the performance of the day. At a little distance from them, the most plentiful supply of provisions was arranged for distribution after the games. Baked pork, the flesh of a particular species of dogs fattened for the purpose, bananas, yams, and cocoas formed the chief article of the feast. Near these, fifty singers and musicians sat in order on the grass. Some of them beat a drum, consisting of a cylindrical piece of hollowed wood, covered with skin; others played on a sort of sticcadó, or instrument composed of pieces of hard wood of different sizes, by striking which they produced the various notes; others again performed on different sorts of flutes, all of which were played by the breath of the nostrils. The singers raised their voices in harmony with the instruments, and chaunted the delights of love and the reward of valour.

At the king's command, a hundred shells sounded for the gymnastic enter-

tainments to commence. Instantly from each side of the arena twenty warriors advanced. They wore their war dresses, consisting of lofty helmets of thick basket-work, covered with the fine downy scarlet plumage of a small bird, coats of mail, composed of teeth strung in rows, and breastplates of mother of pearl obtained from enormous shells. An immense fanlike plume of long scarlet tail feathers overspread their helms, the fronts of which were made to resemble the hideous faces of evil spirits. They were armed with clubs lighter than those used in war, and with pointless spears. Moving to slow and solemn music, they danced for a while in two divisions, frequently flourishing their weapons, and at regular pauses in the music, advancing near to each other in attitudes of defiance. By degrees the music, rising louder and quicker, excited a martial sensation in every bosom. The two divisions of warriors separated to a great distance, and threw their spears with prodigious force and unerring aim, but with similar dexterity all avoided the blows. Then, raising their war cry, they rushed together with their clubs, and fought as if life or liberty were at stake. But in these games regulations were adopted for preventing the useless waste of life, and preventing the fatal effects of irritation. At a single blast of the conch, the combatants threw down their arms, and each taking the hand of his adversary they marched off to the places prepared for them.

To a voluptuous yet melancholy air, a band of beautiful females now slowly advanced with graceful movement. The beauty and regularity of their steps, the easy grace with which they moved their heads and arms, called forth a cry of pleasure and surprise from all the spectators. The whole assembly gazed with rapture, inspired by the charms of beauty, music, and the graceful postures of the lovely dancers, who seemed animated by one soul.

Suddenly the fire of twenty muskets from the adjacent shrubberies stretched the king and nineteen brave chiefs dead

or wounded on the grass. Before the pause of horror had been broken by a single scream, another volley scattered death among the multitude. The flash and report of arms, the cries of the wounded, and the screams of the terrified females,—the simultaneous rush to the outlets, for escape, instantly converted the scene of peaceful pleasure to the most appalling spectacle. Hundreds of warriors, armed and painted in the manner of the Hamoa islanders, rushing in all directions from their ambuscade, with terrible shouts, soon shewed the devoted and unarmed assembly the dreadful fate which awaited them. On every side the ruthless enemy dealt destructive blows; and ere the terrified gazers could collect their scared thoughts they were added to the number of the slain.

The warriors of Vavaoo met death without fear or complaint. A few grappling desperately with their armed foes wrenched from them their weapons, and had the consolation of selling their lives dearly; others even without weapons made a terrible resistance, and by their natural strength and the ferocity of hopeless despair, contrived not to fall unrevenged. A few of the elder chiefs perceiving from the first that death was inevitable, awaited the fatal blow with folded arms and unmoved countenances. In a few minutes, of all the company so lately rejoicing and thoughtless of danger, two only remained alive on the spot. A few had escaped; but the greater part had perished by the clubs and spears of the warriors of Hamoa.

The survivors were Malohi and Mamana. At the first appearance of the enemy, Mamana had flown to the arms of her lover for protection; and in the next moment they were seized by four of the Hamoa warriors who guarded them until the work of destruction was completed. Mamana swooned, and was spared the consciousness of the horrors by which she was surrounded; but the unhappy Malohi beheld the whole of the dreadful scene. When he found that he and his bride were alone to be preserved, a horrible suspicion

instantly occurred to him, and he perceived impending dangers far more terrible than the death-blows which fell around him.

The conquerors, with boisterous mirth, now shared amongst themselves the feast which had been provided for the solemnity; and when they had appeased their hunger, the prisoners were carried before the leader of the victorious warriors. The terrified Mamana dared not to lift her eyes, until roused by an exclamation of horror and rage from her lover, she looked up, and saw, hideous with malicious delight, the ferocious countenance of Taiofa. The last spark of hope was extinguished in her bosom. She uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. Taiofa commanded two of his men to carry her off. Malohi felt that he should never see her more: he struggled to break from his guards to enjoy a last embrace, but was unable to shake off their powerful grasp. Taiofa beheld his agony with a smile. "Son of the foolish," said he, "cease to exhaust thy puny strength in contending with men; a foe expects thee, whose attacks will require thy utmost force. Canst thou beat off the waves of ocean? Canst thou wrestle with the rising waters? Soon, in the agonies of drowning, thy choaking spirit shall vainly curse its presumption in aspiring to the chosen bride of Taiofa.

Malohi, attempted to reply, but instantly received a blow on the mouth from one of the guards, while others forced a piece of wood into his mouth, which they fastened so as to prevent his speaking; they then tied his hands and feet together. At the command of Taiofa, they hurried the unfortunate youth down to the beach, and threw him into a canoe, into which two of them followed him. They instantly began to paddle out to sea, towing with them an old leaky boat, in which their prisoner was to be left bound, gradually to sink. Already it was half filled with water, and continued to fill rapidly. Malohi beheld with horror the miserable fate to which he was devoted; but when he thought of that which awaited

Mamana, his agony became insupportable. The insulting conqueror stood on the beach eagerly watching the progress of the vessel, which had now reached the intended distance; the rowers with refined cruelty, took the gag from their prisoner's mouth, that their chief might enjoy the fiendish pleasure of hearing his despairing cries and execrations. The dreadful moment was now arrived.

One of the men began to haul the leaky canoe alongside of that in which they were. As he stooped, his companion, raising his paddle, struck him a dreadful blow on the head, which stunned him; he fell dead into the sea. The man who had performed this extraordinary action, quickly cut the cords by which Malohi was bound, and pointing to the shore, where the chiefs and warriors were fast launching their canoes, with terrible outcries, to pursue them, bade Malohi to pull with all his might. He obeyed in silence. They made for a rocky and uninhabited part of the coast, with the desperate energy of men struggling for life. But they soon saw the vindictive Taiofa, with many others, strenuously labouring to overtake them. The canoes of the pursuers were each rowed by several men; and they soon gained upon the fugitives, whose strength began to fail. In vain the latter redoubled their efforts; their powers were exhausted; and Taiofa's canoe came swiftly on. The triumphant menaces of that terrible chief resounded in their ears as they doubled the angle of a jutting rock, and entered a pool formed in a recess of its lofty perpendicular side. Malohi seeing no outlet for escape, uttered a deep groan. "Now follow me," said his companion, and dived into the sea. Without hesitation Malohi followed him. The pursuers in a few moments came up with the empty canoe; and when they found that their destined victims had precipitated themselves into the ocean to escape their cruelty, their disappointment broke out in dreadful execrations.

Meantime the unfortunate Mamana, on recovering from her swoon, found

herself in an apartment of the house which had lately been the king's, attended by two of her own women. They informed her that several of their companions had been killed in the late dreadful affray, and the rest enslaved by the Hamoa people; and that the house in which they were was strongly guarded. From them also she learned the fate to which her lover had been condemned, and which they imagined he had suffered. At this dreadful intelligence her grief was unbounded; she seized a sharp instrument that lay accidentally near her, and wounded her face and head in several places; tore her beautiful hair, and throwing herself on the ground, abandoned herself entirely to her grief, uttering the most piteous cries. In this state was she found by Taiofa on his return. Her swollen and bleeding face, her torn and soiled garments, her scattered tresses, and the extravagance of her sorrow, protected her for the time from the wild passions of the chief. He gave orders for every attention to her accommodation, and retired to meditate and ripen a new and important scheme. In returning from their fruitless pursuit, the Hamoa warriors had perceived a small European vessel in the offing, which was evidently endeavouring to make Vavaoo. Taiofa was desirous of taking this vessel; and as that could only be effected by stratagem, he had appointed a consultation of chiefs at the house of the god Tooitonga.

The priest of Tooitonga was the oracle of these islands. He kept up a daily intercourse with his divinity, and managed his replies with so much address, that they were generally sure of being confirmed by events. To maintain this dignity of the divinity he represented, he often judged it expedient to require a human sacrifice; and such was his influence, that even when he named for that purpose the children of the most distinguished persons in the island, their parents never withheld them from his sanguinary grasp. He was maintained in the most luxurious manner by the devout natives, who carried him plenty of dainties which, he

assured them, was the most agreeable service they could render to heaven.

When the chiefs had assembled in his house, each of them made an offering to the god; and then Taiofa inquired of him, whether they should succeed in their intended attack on the white men's ship. The priest seemed to meditate for some time; then appeared in a sort of trance; then foamed at the mouth, uttered several strange cries; and soon afterwards became calm. He then told them Tooitonga had been with him, and assured him that if they did not conquer, it would be their own fault; and that as he intended to protect them, he required them to offer to him, through his priest, all the drink they might find in the white men's ship, together with some shirts and trowsers, for the more magnificent apparel of his priest. These conditions they promised to fulfil, and departed full of confidence in their undertaking.

It was determined that Taiofa, and eleven Hamoa chiefs, should each go on board the vessel, with a canoe laden with hogs, cocoas, and other provisions, as presents and for traffic, and attended by eight or ten resolute warriors. They were to affect the most friendly disposition and peaceable intentions, until they should be so dispersed over the ship that every one of the crew might be singly and suddenly attacked, and stabbed with their iron-wood daggers, which were to be concealed under their cloaks.

Early the next morning the ship had anchored in the bay, and a few canoes were sent to open a friendly communication, which was very adroitly performed. The confederate chiefs then began to go off to the ship by degrees, and were received on board in the most amicable manner. Presents were interchanged, and purchases made. The number of the islanders on board somewhat exceeded that of the crew. Taiofa, as the principal chief, met with particular attentions from the captain. His people were now dispersing themselves in the manner agreed on, and Taiofa perceived they would presently expect

the signal he was to give by stabbing the captain. A loud cry suddenly pierced his ear, and turning round, he saw one of his confederates fall mortally wounded by the dirk of an officer. Instantly the whole crew drawing pistols from their bosoms, fired upon the treacherous natives, whose lifeless bodies soon strewed the deck. A few only escaped by jumping overboard. Taiofa, detected, terrified, and thunder-struck, conceiving that the gods had revealed the plot to the white men, fell prostrate at the captain's feet. He was raised from the deck by two seamen; but what was his horror and amazement at seeing, immediately behind the captain, the figure of Malohi. He now judged that he was in the land of spirits, where his victim's ghost would eternally torment him for his cruelty. But he was soon undeceived.

"Thou seest me alive," said Malohi, "and my preservation has led to the detection and punishment of thy perfidy. Where is Mamana?"

A faint hope of safety cheered the miserable Taiofa. He knew the generosity of his rival, and eagerly declared that Mamana was well and safe, and had suffered no insult or injury from him.

"'Tis well," said Malohi, "traitor and murderer as thou art, thou hast yet forborne one crime. Say, should I obtain thy life from the white chief, shall there be peace between us?"

But the reproaches of his rival had changed the thoughts of Taiofa. He perceived that his power was destroyed—his reputation gone—his hopes blighted—and that protracted life would only be lengthened infamy; nor could he hope that the people of Vavaoo, his injured countrymen, would forgive his treacherous introduction of their Hamoa enemies. He therefore resolved to die. "Know," said he, "that Taiofa disdains thy intercession. He can suffer death as unmoved as he can inflict it."

As he said these words, he was seized by the French seamen, who dragged him into the hold, and loaded him with irons.

Hundreds of canoes surrounded the vessel, chiefly filled with natives of Vavaoo. When they saw the fall of so many of the Hamoa warriors, they rejoiced in the prospect of their speedy deliverance from those invaders. They, therefore, shewed no disposition to interfere. The French captain, however, regarded them all as enemies, and maintained all due precautions; he was therefore much relieved when Malohi explained to him the real state of affairs. After relating the jealous rivalry between himself and Taiofa, and the treacherous manner in which that warrior had betrayed his countrymen to the people of Hamoa, he proceeded to narrate his own escape.

"When I precipitated myself into the waves, in imitation of my companion, I thought merely of disappointing the vengeance of my rival, by rushing into the arms of death. But when I rose again to the surface, the instinct of nature compelled me to strive for existence. I breathed the air, but seemed in utter darkness. With what rapture did I hear my companion whisper, 'Courage—be still—you are safe!'—At the same instant he assisted me to a crag, by which I held for some time.

"My eyes soon began to accustom themselves to the dim light of the place in which we were, and which at first I thought quite dark. I then perceived it to be a spacious cavern, into which the entrance from the sea lay beneath the surface. The light was faintly reflected from the bottom of the sea, through the aperture into this cave. We now emerged from the water, and sat on the crags in silence, dreading lest any of our pursuers should remain on the watch near the spot. But when the failure of the light warned us of the approach of evening we ventured to quit the cave. We dived out of it in the same manner as we had entered it, swam for a considerable distance round the projecting rock, and at length safely landed. We remained concealed among the cliffs till the evening, during which time my preserver informed me of the motives by which he had been induced to un-

dertake my deliverance, and explained the means by which he had effected it. He was a young native of Hamoa, named Fanaw; and although I did not remember him, yet he fortunately recollected that in an invasion of his country by the people of Vavaoo, while he was yet a boy, I had dissuaded our chiefs from putting to death a number of prisoners, among whom were himself, his mother, and sister. He had accidentally discovered this cave when fishing, and happily for me had never disclosed the secret of its existence. At night we issued from our concealment, and I found that we had landed near the dwelling of the priest of Tooitonga. I had no doubt that Taiofa and his Hamoa warriors had spared the old man from veneration for the god he serves, and I thought that I might depend on his aid for food, shelter, and the means of escaping to one of the Tonga islands. We therefore advanced towards his dwelling; but as we approached, we perceived an unusual number of lights, and heard the sound of many voices. Fanaw proposed to retreat instantly, but I felt an irresistible impulse to ascertain who were with the priest, and on what occasion. I therefore crept through the shrubs close up to his house, near the apertures, where only a mat separated me from those within. There I overheard the account of your arrival, O brave white chief! and the treacherous plot laid for your assassination, and the capture of your ship. Fanaw and I determined to apprise you of the intended attack, in hopes that timely notice might enable you to turn the attempt of your enemies to their own destruction, and thus relieve the island of Vavaoo from its sanguinary tyrants. For this purpose we traversed the country till we arrived on the coast opposite your vessel, seized a canoe, and came off to you before dawn. The event has fulfilled our expectations."

The sorrowful Mamana, exhausted by her frantic grief, had sunk into a deep but unquiet sleep, in which she passed the night. The visions of slumber presented to her the most fearful

images: sometimes she beheld her lover bound and sinking in his canoe—she saw his face sink beneath the waves, and heard his last gurgling cries as the waters suffocated him. Again he appeared as if revived, struggling with his terrible rival, and at last slain by his spear; when the victor commanded his flesh to be prepared for his horrid feast. In the morning she awoke to the consciousness of her dreadful fate. On a pile of mats she sat motionless; her arms embracing her knees; her tearless eyes fixed on vacancy. Her sagacious attendant soon perceived the symptoms of impending insanity: and in hopes to relieve her by exciting her tears, she sang in a low tone, and mournful measure, an old and pathetic elegy, of which the following may give some idea:

"What sounds, in the forest, so mournfully swelling,  
Thrill, plaintive, and sweet, through the silence of night?

'Tis the heart-broken maid, in her desolate dwelling,  
Bewailing the youth who has perish'd in fight.

Fled is the beauty her cheek that enchanted,  
Mute is the voice that pour'd love and delight,  
Cold is the breast on her bosom that panted,  
Fall'n is the youth in the terrible fight.

Far o'er the waves is an island of pleasure,  
Heroes departed there reign in delight;  
There, hapless maid, seek thy dearly-lov'd treasure,  
There dwells thy lover who fell in the fight."

Mamana at first seemed unconscious of the song; but at length some particular note seemed to rivet her attention. She listened—changed her attitude—and towards the conclusion wept abundantly.

A loud and continued noise was now heard without; and in a few minutes the two Hamoa warriors, who had been left to guard them, entered the house, pursued by a number of the Vavaoo people, who soon dispatched them with their clubs. They then explained to Mamana the revolution of her fortune, and that of her country, occasioned by the failure of Taiofa's enterprise, in which the principal Hamoa warriors having fallen, the people had risen against those who were left behind, and put them to death. They also acquainted her with the supposed

fate of her lover. As she was already persuaded of his death, the information that he had escaped by a voluntary act from the cruelty of his rival, gave her a mournful satisfaction. As a chief-tainess of rank they carried her directly to the marly, where all the remaining nobles, who had survived the treacherous attack of Taiofa, were immediately to assemble to regulate the government of the island.

As she approached the spot where several chiefs had already met, she perceived another party advancing to the place in another direction. This was the French captain and his crew, with two other persons, one of whom instantly attracted the eyes of the astonished Mamana. At the same moment he flew to meet her, and in the next was in her arms. She clasped the living Malohi; she could not mistrust her senses, but her excessive joy was too powerful for the weak state to which she was reduced, and she would

have fallen senseless to the ground but for the support of her lover. He, who thought her dying, uttered frantic cries, which happily reached the ears of the French seamen, they ran to the spot, when a surgeon among them instantly comprehending the affair, promptly bled the fair Mamana, who soon recovered to life, and love, and happiness.

The assembled chiefs, after lamenting the destruction of most of their order through the treason of Taiofa, found that the rank of Mamana was such as to entitle her to the sovereignty. They therefore declared her queen, and appointed an early day for her marriage with Malohi, which took place accordingly, and conferred on him the royal dignity. The wretched Taiofa was executed by the French, as an example to the contrivers of similar treachery. May the reign of Malohi and Mamana be long and prosperous—their lives virtuous and happy.

See *Athenaeum* vol. 1. p. 281.

# AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

———"For you  
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,  
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps."  
Dr. ARMSTRONG.

Southey, a pleasing poet of the present period, has employed many of his literary hours in the composition of Joan of Arc, an epic poem, fraught with the enthusiasm of liberty, and with the rancour of declamation against tyrants. By this word, the reader is to understand every king, or noble, or bishop, without discrimination. Heated by an extravagant passion for French freedom, as it appeared in the dawn of a revolution, this young and sanguine bard strives, in forcible and bitter lines, to depreciate every mode of polity, except the republican. Indulging his spleen against whatever bears the regal name, he quotes, on the dubious authority of a garrulous historian, a passage to calumniate the virtuous Titus, the delight and glory of the human kind. In the ninth book of this extravagant epic, where the Maid of Orleans, by a kind of poetical second sight, beholds numberless strange and fantastic objects, the poet makes his heroine enter a dome of black marble, which serves as a general rendezvous for all the kings and emperors of the world. These he calls with great delicacy, justice, and truth, "THE MURDERERS OF MANKIND." Among these butchers he arranges Titus and Henry V. of England. Indeed, his whole volume is a perpetual libel upon the conduct and character of the latter. When a school boy, I recollect to have read, as the duke of Grafton once boasted, in the course of my morning's reading, a pragmatical author, who undertook to prove that VIRGIL was a silly poet, and HOMER a dull ballad singer. The youthful, inexperienced, rash SOUTHEY, when he slanders an amiable Roman, who never lost but one day, and Harry of Monmouth, who gained so many glorious ones, is engaged in a task no less absurd than that of the above Zoilus. I wonder, that in this philosophic age, some lunatic Frenchman, or a character still more frantic, a copyist of French-

men, does not undertake to prove, either in prose or verse, that snow is the best lamp black in the world, and the sun nothing more than a tin sauce-pan. It appears that SOUTHEY and a Mr. Coleridge, another democratic poet, were educated together, and mutually inflamed with the love of French liberty,

"That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist."

They are the darlings of Gilbert Wakefield, Dr. Beddoes, Priestley, and all the conductors of the factious reviews. The poems of Southey and his companion are recited with patriotic emphasis, by the whole tribe of dissenters, innovators, wishers for parliamentary reform, and haters of church and king. Viewed as a literary production, the epic of Southey is worthy of liberal commendation. Strength, rather than grace, however, is predominant in his lines.—But his descriptions are picturesque, and his selection of images and choice of words are not unhappy. His lines are frequently rumbling and inharmonious, but they excite strong interest, and not unfrequently display the *vis viva* of genius. On Milton and Shakspeare he keeps a steady eye, and, by their pages, guides his imitating hand. Much of the meritorious may be found in his characters, manners, and descriptions. But the political sentiments contained in Joan of Arc, are wild, delusive, and obnoxious. They are the bald, disjointed chat of a youthful dreamer, viewing, through the tintured glass of fancy, man as he *might* be, not as he is. Dazzled by the fairy and moonlight prospect of an universal revolution in human affairs, SOUTHEY, like a true French prophet, bellows out the ensuing "big swelling words of vanity," than which nothing can be more foolish, false, or absurd.

"For, by experience roused, shall man at length  
Dash down his *Moloch idols*, Sampson like,  
And burst his fetters—only strong, whilst strong  
Believed; then in the bottomless abyss  
OPPRESSION shall be chained, and poverty  
Die, and with her, her brood of miseries;  
And Virtue and EQUALITY preserve  
The reign of love, and earth shall once again  
Be Paradise, whilst wisdom shall secure  
The state of bliss, which ignorance betrayed."

The "AUTHOR" would employ his "EVENINGS" not only vainly, but wickedly, if he advocated "OPPRESSION," or strove to discountenance "VIRTUE." Let the above quoted passage be fairly interpreted and analysed, and it will be seen that he does neither the one, nor the other, but only exposes the fallacy of a dream, and the madness of a Quixote.

It must be premised that Southey, when he talks in the above strain, has his eye, in the first place, on the amelioration of *his own condition*. He is now in his chrysalis state. A poor poet in garret high. He wishes to burst the mean integument, which surrounds him, and flutter forth a gorgeous butterfly, under a gallic sun.—Next, his mind teems with the happy revolution of France, and the brilliant and changeful scenes of a factious democracy. Lastly, he thinks what a glorious thing it would be for all the world to be of the same size, of the same strength, and to have purses and brains of equal fullness. Fired with this *very practicable* scheme, he sets man straightway to work; and, as it is always easy to demolish, he dashes down idols, and bursts fetters with inconceivable dexterity. But then all this dashing and bursting is effected in a very summary manner; for soon as *Experience is roused*, and Opinion rectified, enlightened man discovers that idols and

fetters have only *imaginary strength*. Touched with the talisman of revolt, they break in pieces as quickly as the withs on the arm of Sampson. As the poet, in the beginning of this remarkable passage, uses the dialect of allegory, it is now useful to state, that by "*Moloch idols*" he means legitimate government, our holy religion, and established systems of morals. All these things it suits the convenience of the innovating school to destroy. A grave and upright ruler; a pious teacher; a dignified gentleman; the founder of christianity; the virtues of chastity, mercy, and order; these are the "*Molochs*" to be overturned; and the salutary restraints of law and justice are the "*fetters*" to be broken by the disciples of SOUTHEY. Well, what is to be the consequence of such a blessed alteration, or rather subversion of the old system? Oh, some sudden deaths, and some happy marriages, and only one imprisonment. For "*Oppression*" is to be "*chained*," and "*Poverty*" is doomed to "*die*," but then she has the consolation not to perish alone, like a toad in a hole; for as, according to the old proverb, Misery loves company, a whole "*brood of miseries*" are obliged to give up the ghost with her. Next, a marriage is solemnized, and nuptials consummated, between "*Virtue*" and "*Equality*," who, if we may believe the poet, are to "*preserve the reign of love*." But the fact is, this is a mere French union; and, according to the new and easy system of divorce, Virtue and Equality will be, very soon, in a separate state, though poor Virtue will be far from having her alimony.—SOUTHEY now proceeds to affirm, that a second "*Paradise*" will appear on earth, and that Wisdom shall secure what Ignorance betrayed. For Wisdom to get the better of Ignorance, however, is no great triumph; and if another Eden arise, it is pretty clear that the planters and waterers of such a garden might be tolerably happy. But then there is much virtue in the above *if*. The whole of this ranting paragraph is of the very essence of imposture. The favourite scheme of the poet has been tried in France. The world knows the issue. It is the pride and the duty of the "AUTHOR" to blow this soap bubble of modern philosophy to pieces. In despite of R. SOUTHEY, and all his French crew, as long as this world remains; Poverty, and her brood of miseries, will *not* die; Oppression will *not* cease; Weakness will *not* be a match for Strength, and Folly will never rival Genius. TITUS and HENRY V. will continue to be venerated; and Equality, by every sober man, will be viewed as a fantastic French drab, unworthy the company of gentlemen.

### *An opinion of Ghosts.*

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed, has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a Popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a being of this kind might spread in the days of Popish infatuation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment and of learning? men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, tho' it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even tho' it were their inclination?

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a suspicion, that the relations themselves were false. For as to the argument sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him that either strikes our senses or imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or under the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be

given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronic, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? imprinted absolutely with the same force their eyes themselves could have portrayed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when this notion has been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by infidelity, of gratitude to a wife of long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government; is not any moral purpose for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears, to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person; which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to receive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other objects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have avowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasies to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding-sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

## A FALSE ALARM.

A few weeks ago, the inhabitants of one of the principal cities in the West of England were filled with conjecture and consternation at the following notice, printed in large capitals on the front of a house, recently fitted up and repaired, "Mrs. M——, from London, *deals in all sorts of Ladies.*" All was consternation! Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. M. might be? No one could tell: she was a stranger. Great anxiety prevailed as to this equivocal proclamation of the new establishment. For two whole days all was injustice and consultation. On the third

morning, behold, the mystery was unraveled. The house-painter, who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked by a fit of the gout, returned to finish his work, and in ten minutes concluded it by adding—"and gentlemen's wearing apparel."

#### FONDNESS OF SERPENTS FOR MUSIC.

Mr. Gross, in his Voyage to India, says, that in the neighbourhood of Madras, and in many other places on the coast of Coromandel, there are strollers who get a livelihood "by charming serpents," which they carry about in baskets, and disarm of their fierceness by singing certain airs, accompanied by the tamborine. After a kind of overture, the serpents glide out of the baskets, and, as the song and music go on, raise themselves on their tails, and keep time by waving their heads! Immediately upon the music ceasing, they again become sullen and malignant, and are instantly forced into their cages. These serpents are of the hooded tribe, the most venomous of the whole kind. The same gentleman also mentions having seen an Alligator decoyed out of a river by one of these musicians, and follow him along the bank as long as he continued playing! Lest the incredulous might suspect him of availing himself of that *licence* which many travellers are accused of, he adds, "I am fully aware of the ridicule which this account will meet from many persons, but I prefer the certainty of incurring it, to the suppression of what I myself disbelieved, until convinced of the fact by the evidence of my senses."—Dr. Shaw, too, whose authority on matters of fact was never, I believe, called in question, affirms in his *Travels*, that he had often seen the Worrall (a species of Lizard,) keep exact time with the Egyptian Dervises in their religious dances, turning when they turned, and stopping when they stopped.

#### MEDICAL REPORT, MAY 1823.

The peculiarities of the present month have been those of the preceding one; viz. a more than ordinary tendency to death from common disease, and the extreme prevalence of hooping-cough. In driving through the streets of London, the appearance of the houses and shops is that almost of a public mourning; and, enter what family you may, you find the hooping-cough in it, unless to such family the disorder had been a previous visitor.

Which among us of medical men or philosophical speculators, shall divine the cause

of these epidemic peculiarities? or who shall be able to say why a disease apparently resulting from a particular poison, should not be constantly present in equal proportions? Is it the atmosphere that causes these differences? take the most acute eudiometer that has yet been constructed, with it analyze the air in several parts of a district, and you will find it chemically or apparently the same when no particular malady is reigning, as it is when death shall be mowing down the inhabitants of the place by the scythe of malignant distemper. Even the *malaria*, that dreadful scourge to the Southern and Eastern parts of Europe, cometh no one knows where; and is composed of no one knows what.

The writer has been asked by a Correspondent whether malt-liquor or wine-and-water be the best beverage for young persons? To this question, it is not easy to give a satisfactory reply in the abstract, since so much depends upon individual peculiarities and constitutional propensities. In the general way, he would say that beer is better than wine for British youth. Indeed, the latter, in any shape, unless as a temporary medicinal, he should ever withhold from young persons; and, even where it would seem to be called for by occasional debility, steel drops administered for the same purpose, would, for the most part, be more advantageous, and in every respect less objectionable. But, at any rate, let youth be kept from the *habitual* use both of wine and tea, if we wish to ensure their physical comfort and moral well-being,  
*London; April 30, 1823.* D. UWINS, M.D.

#### VORACITY OF A PIKE.

As two gentlemen were fly-fishing at South Newton, near Salisbury, on the 10th instant, one of them hooked a grayling, or umber, on the opposite side of the river. In playing it, a pike seized it. In order to land the fish, it was found necessary to draw it over a large spot of weeds in the middle of the river: the pike still kept his hold, and altho' on the weeds, and indeed out of the water, shook his prey as a dog would a rat, for several minutes. At length they were both drawn to the bank and taken out together in a landing net, the pike not quitting his prey till inclosed in the net. The grayling weighed 12oz. and the pike 2lbs. only.

#### SINGULAR DENTITION.

A female of the name of Mary Thompson, residing at Little Smeaton, near Pontefract, at the advanced age of *ninety-six* years, has within a few months, cut four new teeth. The last tooth perforated the gum about 6 weeks ago.

#### WITCHCRAFT IN 1823!

At the Somerset assizes, a woman named Elizabeth Bryant, and her two daughters, residents at Wiveliscombe, in this county, were tried for cutting and wounding a poor inoffensive woman, in her sixty-ninth year, named Ann Burge, widow, whom they imagined had exercised the art of witch-craft.

upon another daughter, who was subject to fits, and accustomed to exhibit strange inconsistencies of conduct at intervals. The examination excited a lamentable degree of mental weakness and superstition. The perpetrators, it appeared, were influenced by a person named Baker, an inhabitant of Devonshire, who was vulgarly believed to be a conjuror. They seized the unfortunate prosecutrix, and with a sharp instrument inflicted several wounds upon her arm, and, but for the interference of the neighbourhood, whom her cries had collected, loss of her life would have followed. The prisoners were sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

#### BATHS.

The use of medicated and fumigating baths, and, in many instances, of sulphur baths, is becoming popular, for the purpose of removing various diseases, and of alleviating the pains, and lessening the inconveniences, of other disorders. Among other diseases, it is found to be successfully applicable to the cure of rheumatism, of colds, of diseases of the skin, to the restoration of activity in the powers of the bowels and the stomach, to the relief of debilitated and stiffened joints, of gout, and of bilious and nervous disorders, and to the removal of lumbago, sciatica, incipient dropsy, and of glandular obstructions, and other swellings. As it has been found to be thus important and beneficial, and of such wide application, and has for a series of years been most successfully practised in many of the hospitals and medical institutions of France and Germany, particularly at Paris and Vienna, it is extraordinary, that the first fumigated and medicated baths, and the first sulphur baths, which have been prepared in the western parts of the metropolis, have been set up only within these few weeks.

—  
Angel, the Norfolk pedestrian, on the 24th April, performed 72 miles in twelve successive hours, near Chatteris, with five minutes to spare.

Michael Mooney, the celebrated Glasgow pedestrian, lately performed the extraordinary task of walking 105 miles in twenty-three successive hours. He walked on a piece of measured ground.

The Alert Dublin-packet, on her voyage to Liverpool, was wrecked off the coast of Wales. In consequence of a powerful tide, she struck on the West Mouse rock, and filled with water; all efforts to relieve her were unavailable. Seventeen of the crew and passengers reached the shore in a boat; but the remainder, consisting of 130 persons, men, women, and children, went down with the vessel.

Thousands of dead larks have been discovered, thrown ashore by the tide, near Christchurch. They lay so thick at high-water-mark, that, to use the expression of one of the fishermen, a cart-load might have been collected in the space of one hun-

dred yards. It is supposed that many of the vast flocks, which, during the rigour of the season, were observed taking their flight to the southward in search of food, and a milder temperature of air, "found no rest for the soles of their feet," and fell through exhaustion and fatigue into the sea. The last winter, though not more severe than many which have preceded it, yet, from some unknown cause, produced numerous instances of the migration of birds into countries and climates where they were never before discovered.

A wild duck lately made its residence in an old nest in a tree in Hutton-Bonville Park, which nest had for the two years preceding been inhabited by a magpie and a hawk successively: the duck laid ten eggs.

The clergy of Rome consist at present of 19 cardinals, 27 bishops, 1,450 priests, 1,532 monks, 1,461 religious, and 332 seminarists. The population, without including the Jews, amounted in 1821 to 146,000.

#### NEW WORKS.

Life and Adventures of Lady Anne, the Little Pedlar.—Three Years' Adventures of a Minor, in England, the West Indies, South Carolina, and Georgia; by W. Butterworth.—Memoirs of Francis Barnett, the Lefevre of "No Fiction." 2 vols.—Orme's Life of William Kiffin.—The Bridal of Armagnac, a Tragedy; by the Rev. T. Streatfield.—Advice to Young Mothers, on the Physical Education of Children; by a Grandmother.—The Geography and History of America and the West Indies, to 1822.—Vol. III. of the History of England during the middle ages; by Sharon Turner.—A Practical Treatise on the most frequent Diseases of the Mouth and Teeth; by T. G. Gerbaux, surgeon-dentist from Paris.—Accredited Ghost Stories; collected and edited by J. M. Jarvis, esq.—Ringan Gilhaze, or the Covenanters, 3 vols.—The King of the Peak, a romance, 3 vols.—Adelaide, or the Intrepid Daughter.—Points of Humour, illustrated by George Cruikshank, 18 plates and wood-cuts, royal 8vo.—Isabel St. Albe, or Vice and Virtue, a novel; by Miss Crumpe. 3 vols.—Martha, a Memorial of an only beloved Sister; by A. Read, 2 vols.—Seventy-six; by the Author of Logan. 3 vols.—Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820; by A. D. Capell Brooke.

Imaginary Conversations of Eminent Statesmen and Literary Men, ancient and modern, by W. S. Landor, esq. will speedily appear.

A new novel will appear in the course of a few days, entitled Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan, in three volumes.

The author of the "Farmer's Boy" is about to re-appear in a small work, entitled Hazlewood Hall, a drama, in three acts, interspersed with songs.

Specimens of the Living Poets, with biographical and critical prefaces, by Alaric A. Watts, will shortly be published in three volumes.

## DYING EXERCISE OF MRS. STEVENSON

Proudfit, Alexander

*The New - York Missionary Magazine, and Repository of Religious Intelligence (1800-1803)*; Jan 3, 1802; 3, 3;

American Periodicals

pg. 112

## DYING EXERCISE OF MRS. STEVENSON.

MR. DAVIS,

As your magazine is intended to be a repository for religious intelligence, the following narrative is not unsuitable to its design, and cannot be uninteresting to the spiritual reader.

The person whose death, with its circumstances, is here communicated, was a Mrs. Stevenson. She had attained to the twen-

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tieth year of her age, and naturally possessed those amiable qualities which singularly endeared her to all around ; those engaging virtues which rendered her the darling daughter, the favourite sister, a beloved wife, and promised the tender, affectionate mother. My object, however, is not to exalt the creature, but to magnify the riches of that grace which abundantly appeared in rendering her triumphant over affliction and death.

On the 28th of Dec. last Mrs. Stevenson was confined and shortly delivered of two sons. Her symptoms were as favourable as usual, and her friends anticipated a speedy recovery for comfort to her connections, and usefulness to the world. But our most gilded prospects are frequently blasted, and our brightest sun is suddenly shrowded in the darkness of mid-night. Her disorder suddenly assumed a more alarming aspect, and several physicians who were called, pronounced her situation extremely critical, if not altogether desperate. She was uniformly enabled to manifest the utmost resignation to the will of her father, and patience under exquisite pain. It was the pleasure of that adorable being, whose sovereignty ordains the object of affliction, the time of affliction, and all its circumstances, that towards the last period of her indisposition, she was generally deprived of the exercise of reason. But, at every interval of this derangement, she expressed good hope, through grace, of a blessed immortality, through the precious, precious righteousness of Jehovah her redeemer. She conversed much on the deep depravity of the human heart ; she imagined that none was so polluted, so desperately, wicked as her own ; but afterwards dwelt with triumph on the everlasting sufficiency of the redeemer's blood, both to pardon and purify. Various promises afforded her consolation in the prospect of death, but the following, from the Evangelic, enraptured Isaiah, appeared peculiarly supporting, and was often, often repeated, " Fear not for I am with thee ; be not dismayed for I am thy God ; I will help thee ; yea I will strengthen thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Upon one occasion she desired her friends to read that passage in the same inspired prophet, which she distinctly repeated, " Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ; yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, and thy walls are continually before me. Not satisfied, however, with repeating it, nor with hearing it read by others, she requested the bible, that with her own eyes she might see this endearing expression of her Saviour's love ; this blessed charter of her heavenly inheritance. One morning she remarked, to a sister who was present, that the sun was rising, and immediately added " The Sun of Righteousness has risen upon me with healing in his wings," I have more light in my soul than there

is in the universe. Several days previous to her dissolution some of the family were alarmed at her appearance, and through the shock of surprise called out, she is dying. "Yes," she replied, having overheard them, "I die strong in the faith giving glory"—and then, her speech failing, she was unable to complete the sentence. During her illness she was frequently heard to exclaim, "He is coming, he is coming, he is coming, come Lord Jesus, come quickly." "I am emptiness, but Christ is my all: none but Christ, none but Christ for me." Upon another occasion she was overheard expostulating with her own soul. "Why should I be afraid, I have a strong rock, even the rock of ages, this is a sure foundation." It is natural to suppose that her infant offspring would be the source of much solicitude; that the prospect of leaving them in a wide world, a world full of sin, full of sorrow and vexation, would have occasioned many painful reflections. These, however, she was enabled to resign to that compassionate Jesus on whom she had rested her own eternal all. "I leave them to Christ," was her last expression concerning them; "He will take care of them and me. To one of her religious acquaintances enumerating some promises for her support, she replied; "Yes, they are my glory, my joy, my comfort. I have a strong rock for my feet which will never fail me."

Thus she overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of her testimony, and even in death came off more than conqueror. Without controversy, that religion is a blessed reality, those promises must be acknowledged divine which afford such strong consolation when every thing created perishes from our view. Justly is the Gracious Immanuel called a *tried stone*, because myriad's have rested upon him in the prospect of eternity, and none were ever ashamed of their hope. Justly is he pronounced *precious*, because he gives rich, unutterable, everlasting consolations, when each earthly joy becomes insipid and unprofitable. Justly is the adorable redeemer denominated a *sure foundation*, because once built upon him by a faith divine, the tempest may roar, the rain may descend, the billows may rage and dash but cannot possibly move us.

May we all through the almighty workings of the Eternal Spirit possess the same precious faith, and hereafter, when we are prepared, and our father is pleased, be elevated to partake the same exceeding, unfading joys. Glory to God; the blood of the covenant still flows for the remission of the chiefest sins of the chiefest sinners. The righteousness of Jesus being the righteousness of Jehovah is eternally meritorious to justify, and his grace divinely free, omnipotently efficacious to sanctify and prepare for the inheritance of the saints in light.

Before this narrative is concluded, permit me to make the following reflections which appear naturally suggested.

1. That Christ Jesus the Lord is the Christians' all, the Alpha and Omega, the commencement and consummation of their joy.

His righteousness, his fullness, his covenant, his characters, to the utter exclusion of self, are their only hope, and confidence, and glory. Willing they are, perfectly willing, that self in all respects be debased, and that free grace through the Saviour's cross be utterly, everlastingly exalted in their salvation. Again, as Jesus, the infinite surety, in his righteousness and promises is the Christians' confidence in time, they look forward to him as their portion and consolation for eternity. They desire to depart, not merely to be delivered from the toils and vexations of life; they desire to depart, not so much to obtain heaven, *as to be with Christ* to obtain the vision and fruition of their redeeming, Jehovah. The Lord Christ in the effulgence of his person Immanuel, and the exercise of his mediatorial offices constitutes the glory of the Jerusalem above, and in his light, the nations of them that are saved eternally walk and unspeakably rejoice. Each thought there wings its flight to Jesus, every eye is fastened upon the Lamb that was slain, every tongue is loud in adoring him who redeemed to God by his blood; each heir of glory is eager to press nearer and nearer to the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

2. It may also be inferred from the preceding narrative, that the promises are the great instrument by which the Lord Jesus is both received and enjoyed. Those exercises ought greatly to be suspected which are not immediately founded upon and promoted by the word of revelation. Believers are therefore called *heirs of promise*, because these are their food, their strength, their consolation. These testimonies are their song in the house of their pilgrimage. The Holy **Ghost** is also called the spirit of promise, because these are the channels through which his influences flow for the sanctification and support of his people. The Scriptures are the last will, the final testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, the great testator. In these he has bequeathed to them, the immortal inheritance, and the heirs of salvation are fond, if I may use the expression, of reading their charter in the very hand writing of the glorious testator. The very great Doctor Owen therefore remarks, "The word of promise is the soul's great supportment in waiting upon God; it is that which our faith especially regards in our trust, hope, waiting upon him, and is suited to answer to the immediate actings of our souls therein." This principle also agrees with the observation of the late, illustrious Romaine, "the believer's happiness consists in living by faith upon the promises. Faith apprehends and receives Christ as held forth in the promise, and thereby gets possession of the promised blessing. Reader, whoever thou art, be instructed by the testimony of a dying sister, that neither moral excellence, nor virtuous habits, nor a blameless conversation can support thee in the hour of dissolution. Jesus with his meritorious sacrifice, and infinite salvation is the only refuge,

the only portion of sinful, miserable, mortal man. Be also encouraged from the same dying testimony that his name *Christ Jesus Jehovah* is a strong tower, beneath which, all who sheltre themselves are eternally secure. The peace which flows from the blood of his covenant, sealed by the spirit of his love, is a peace which passeth all understanding, a peace which neither the agonies of affliction, nor the horrors of death can ruffle. Ye virgins of light, ye friends of the Bridegroom be exorted from this history to shake off your slumbers, to put on the armour of God, to keep your loins girded about and your lights burning, that whether the voice of your beloved be heard at the third or sixth, or ninth or eleventh hour, you may have confidence to hail his approach, come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

That this may be your attainment and my attainment through the riches of his covenant mercy, is the prayer of

ALEXANDER PROUDFIT.

*Salem, Jan. 22, 1802.*

From the Literary Gazette, Aug 1818.

# DICTIONNAIRE INFERNAL !

PAR J. A. S. COLLIN DE PLANCY.

**M.** COLLIN informs us, that before he began to compile his *Infernal Dictionary*, he attentively read *fifteen thousand* volumes, the authors of which have exercised their genius in writing on demons, spirits, phantoms, spectres, **ghosts**, demoniacs, magicians, sylphs, gnomes, &c.

We cannot blame him for having devoted one article to Love, of all demons the most subtle, perfidious, and cruel. Two or three thousand poets have endeavoured, since the creation, to unfold his artifices; but none of them, we believe, mention the use of certain flies which apothecaries vend for a very different purpose. On this subject, M. Collin relates the following anecdote:—

A gentleman of Lyons had the misfortune to marry a lady by whom he was not beloved. After having vainly endeavoured to win her affections by all the fine phrases and little attentions recommended by Ovid and Gentil Bernard, he had recourse to a sorcerer, who assured him that if he could prevail on his cruel wife to swallow a dozen cantharides in a glass of Spanish wine, he would be perfectly happy. The lady swallowed the potion, and died on the following day. "Well," said the Sorcerer, "did I not promise that you should be happy? You are a widower!"

We doubt whether the Free-mason will feel much obliged to M. Collin for having introduced them into his *Infernal Dictionary*. It is true he attributes to them the very best motives, of reminding man of his duty towards God, his sovereign, and the laws of his country. But then, it will be asked, Is there any thing *infernal* in that?

The following little history will certainly prove a warning to all profane jesters:—

Guymond de la Touche, the author of *Iphygenie en Tauride*, visited a Necromancer, merely with the intention of turning him into ridicule. He accompanied a distinguished Princess who he undertook to cure of all faith in magic, both black and white. But the imposing ceremony of the operations, the silence of the spectators, the awe and terror with which some were seized, at length began to make an impression on him. At that moment his attention was riveted by observing the Conjurer run several pins into the bosom of a young girl. "You seem very anxious," said the girl, "to know what we are about here. Well! since you are so curious, know that you shall die in three days." These words produced such an effect on the ex-jesuit, that he was seized with a fit of melancholy, and actually died at the expiration of the three days.

(Recreative Review.)

## GHOSTS.

WE hope our readers will not say that we are absolutely bewitched in bringing forward such an article as this in so incredulous an age. Certainly we have not the least objection to people arguing themselves out of superstitious habits of believing what the best authors and historians have, in the most solemn manner, related to us; still we must do our duty by presenting such to their observations. Some credulous people have been apt to entertain an opinion of Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and the like. But Tom Thumb is a fiction, so is Orlando; the seven champions is no better, and there's little more to be said for Bevis of Southampton. Therefore, the Greek and Latin historians may be all swept as rubbish out of libraries, or else set upon the same shelves with the others, as being of equal credit and authority with them: And it would be pleasant to see Orlando and Herodotus, Xenophon and St. George, Tom Thumb and Tacitus, Diodorus Siculus and the Three Children in the Wood, set by one another. But it is to be supposed they do actually stand together in your studies. Now there having been an astonishing confederacy amongst several sorts of mechanics or tradesmen to keep up the belief of **ghosts** or apparitions, whose trades are in a great measure supported by this very fear of hobgoblins, we are the more obliged to go into this subject, quoting authorities; for if they are correct in this, then we are otherwise; if incorrect in thus getting their living by these by-roads, then they should be exposed. There is little doubt also that they invent stories of **ghosts**, noises, scratchings, odd appearances, un-

accountable somethings, to amuse, or to frighten people with, not scrupling to mention even time and place where such and such apparitions have been seen. This, it seems too, has been a practice amongst them ever since the time of Constantine the Great, and earlier too. But to the point: the trades more immediately concerned in this plot, are booksellers, shoe-makers, and tallow-chandlers, and by inference printers, stationers, type-founders, leather-sellers, and butchers, are accessories, are therefore equally guilty, if it be guilt. First, as to the booksellers, those midwives of muses and of **ghosts**; why, a well-selected collection of strange and wonderful accounts makes a good copyright, and furnishes a very decent annuity. We have heard of one who purchased a small estate out of a little successful book of apparitions which passed through 39 editions; in memory of which the grateful bookseller hung up the picture of a **ghost** walking in a church-yard, for his sign, and had the devil engraved upon his seal for his coat of arms. Nothing sells a magazine better than such stories, as Mr. Blackwood knows, who has lately taken to raking up those very old affairs written by Matthew Paris, who, as some people think, should be quoted in any thing but this. As to the inferior class of the trade, it is said that they maintain a correspondence in all parts of the country, to give them notice of every odd thing that happens, which is capable of improvement, or in other words, worked up into a good plausible story of **ghosts** or hobgoblins. The prices given are proportional to the probable value and success of the stories which they purchase; so that

perhaps 20 or 30 guineas will be promptly paid for the materials for a neat clever story, in which strange scenes of noises, voices, and visions are artfully connected and set together. Another such **ghost** story (said to be *done* by De Foe) as is prefixed to Drelincourt's Reflections on Death, would be worth full 500*l*. and we are surprised not to have had, in this age of genius a new one. Some of the proprietors of weekly number publications have had vast collections of these relations by them, which, for the most part are reckoned as good as old gold, and we have heard that one of the prime hands in this way paid his daughter's portion of 3000*l*. in manuscripts of apparitions and haunted houses, which her husband, one of the same trade, was as well pleased with as ready money. Just like the Stocks, the value of these depends upon the season. When the dark nights come on, and servant girls, fools, and children are most afraid, this sort of stock rises. With respect to the shoemakers, it is natural they should wish people to wear out their shoes as fast as possible, and in order to this, 'tis a very natural step to fudge up an ill report of certain church-yards and burying grounds, as places said to be haunted. Abundance of people choose, therefore, to take a compass of 3 or 4 miles round about, rather than go through the church yard, where they might see something in a white sheet, and consequently be frightened. In the country, they will even go through thick and thin, muddy lanes and splashy grounds, to avoid such ordeals, sacrificing soal-leather to soul-fear; sometimes, they will even leave both shoes sticking in the mud behind them if they hear a noise near a church-yard that may not be accounted for, so that it is manifestly the interest of the shoemaker to pretend to believe in the existence of **ghosts**. What a world of shoes were worn out tramping after the Cock-lane ghost, that deceived the great Dr. Johnson, and the Tiverton **ghost** of more recent days, that deceived a reverend divine; these are the golden days of Crispin. With regard to the tallow-chandlers,

they have wisely considered that many hundred dozen of candles would be used more in a year, if notions were put in people's heads, which would make them afraid of going to bed in the dark. And hence, these gentlemen have buzzed about shocking stories of people being pulled by the leg just as they are stepping into bed by invisible wicked angels, who will do any thing in the dark. But more especially is this rivetted upon the attention of children, whom you may sooner persuade to go to bed without a supper than without a candle. In rich families the chandlers fare well this way. They cannot go to bed without candles 4 to the pound; nay some even have wax, upon pretence forsooth that there are some hobgoblins that don't value the dull light of twelves or fourteens, and therefore will not fail to come and play their tricks unless there's a good light. The names of some of these hobgoblins are—blue devils! acting under a field-marshal general, Ennui. But as to the chandlers, they even have authority for their belief. Do not wax candles (or tallow if wax cannot be offered) drive the devil away? Go to the Romish chapels where they burn such by day light; that is the reason; and there are some churches on the Continent where candles are continually burning, no doubt to the great benefit of the souls and bodies of the chandlers.—but to leave all waggery, and be more serious, we have some wonderful attestations as to the reality of **ghosts**, that is, that such things *were*: *now*, thank heaven, they are all laid in the Red Sea, the usual place assigned to sprites.

Luther, in his 'Colloquia Mensalia,' says, "when I lived at Zurica, in Franconia, a child that could hardly speak or walk was got into a wood near the house, (there are forests every where in that country) an unexpected snow covering and altering the surface of the ground, the child could not find the way back again to the house. The snow continuing to fall in great abundance, he remained there covered over with it two days and three nights. During that time an unknown man brought him meat and drink; but at

the beginning of the third day, he led the child near his father's house, and there left him. *I was present* when he came in, and I protest he told all that had happened to him, as clearly and in as good terms as I could have done myself; notwithstanding from that time for three whole years, he was not capable of putting any words together, that one could easily understand. I am therefore persuaded (adds Luther) that the man that preserved him was a good angel."

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at Antwerp, each had his particular chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant. The club being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in an adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened—and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at: the apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible so many persons can be deceived. The company, by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention.

They broke up and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend: it was answered by an account of his death which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before; but now, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for in this case, all reasoning becomes superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed. Years rolled on and the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever. One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay on her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. \*\*\*\*\* whose ghost has been so much talked about? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting,) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

*A Real Ghost.*—The following extraordinary affair happened at Ferry-

bridge in 1767. The wife of one Thomas Benson being suddenly taken ill, she, to all appearance expired, and continued without any symptoms of life the whole day, and every proper requisite was ordered for her funeral; but the husband hoping for consolation in his distress, by some money which he had reason to believe she had secreted from him in her life-time, began a rummage for it, and found seven pounds ten shillings in crown pieces, concealed in an old box; but, upon his attempting to take it away, he was surprised by his wife, who was just then recovered, met him, and terribly frightened him, by appearing as if nothing had happened.—(*Dodsley*, 1767.)

Mr. John Wesley was remarkably superstitious this way; the earlier volumes of the *Arminian Magazine*, done especially under his own eye, are full of the most appalling, but incredibly fanciful stories. There is as well-authenticated **ghost** story as the most superstitious could desire to read, in *Southey's Life of Wesley*. Jeffery, the **ghost**, played a very noisy part, beginning December 2, and ending at the close of January.

*A Real Ghost*.—The following story was communicated by M. Bertin himself to the Duchess de Choiseul, as it happened to himself. Wishing to see his native country (Perigord) from which he had been long absent, he went to pay a visit to one of his old friends, whom he had not heard from for more than a year. Upon his arrival at the house, he was received by the son of his friend, who told him that his father had been dead about a year. Though he was struck with the news, which was so unexpected, it did not prevent him from going in. He conversed with the son upon the state of his affairs, and frequently interrupted the conversation to regret the loss of his old friend. At night he was conducted to his apartment, which he found to be the same as the deceased had occupied. The circumstance contributed not a little to keep alive his sorrow, and to prevent him from sleeping. He continued awake till two o'clock in the morning, when he heard the door of his chamber open; and by

the feeble glimmering of a night-lamp, and of the fire, which was still burning, he perceived the figure of a very old man, pale, wan, and excessively thin, with a long dirty beard, who, shivering with cold, was walking on slowly towards the chimney. When he was near the fire, he seemed to warm himself eagerly, saying, "Ah! it is a long time since I saw the fire." In his voice, figure, and manner, M. Bertin, who was seized with terror, thought he recognized his old friend, the master of the house. He was neither able to speak to him nor to leave the bed; when the old man, turning towards the bed and sighing, said, 'Ah! how many nights have I passed without going to bed,' and as he said it, he came forward, in order to throw himself upon it. The terror which M. Bertin felt, made him leap out precipitately, crying, 'Who are you? what do you want?' On hearing his voice the old man looked at him with astonishment, and immediately knew him. 'What do I see, (cried he) M. Bertin, my old friend Bertin!' 'And who then are you?' cried M. Bertin. The old man mentioned his name; and the other, gradually recovering from his fright, learnt with horror that his friend had been confined a year in one of the vaults of the castle by his son (assisted by a servant that daily brought him food), who had given it out that his father was dead, in order, that he might get possession of his property. On that very day, as he afterwards learnt, the arrival of M. Bertin, who was not expected, having thrown the house into confusion, the servant who carried provisions to the unfortunate old man, had not properly fastened the door of the cell when he went away, and the latter perceiving it, waited till all was quiet in the castle, and under cover of the night endeavoured to escape, but not finding the keys in the outer door, he naturally took the way to his apartment, which, though in the dark, he readily found. M. Bertin called up his servant without loss of time; said he wished to set off immediately without waking the master of the castle; and took the old man with him to Périgueux, where they arrived at day-

break. Proper officers were directly by being shut up, during the remainder  
dispatched to arrest the ungrateful son ; of his life, in the same cell in which he  
who suffered what his crime deserved, had confined his father.

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timation of the vulgar has its haunted house : and, if a murder is committed, the spectre of the deceased is always believed, by those whose minds are on a level with the lowest savages, to haunt the place. Nor, in truth, is this faith less abused than that of our professors of philosophy, who, to the present hour, teach the sympathies of inert matter in their doctrines of attraction, repulsion and gravitation. Even to our own day by analogy of faith, the learned Dr. Johnson and others, in 1770, gave credence to the silly story of a ghost in Cocklane, where a young girl by scratching the bedstead with a pin, made the half of London believe that she was tormented by a ghost; and, so late as the year 1782, the celebrated Dr. Priestly actually wrote to a man of the name of Henderson, of Bristol, to enquire whether it was true, as reported, that the said Henderson could raise spirits. It also deserves notice, that, in the year 1812, a young Catholic in Staffordshire professed to be haunted by evil spirits in the most hideous forms, which he described, and the titular bishop gave countenance to the hypochondriac by exorcising and removing the said spirits according to the ritual of the church of Rome ; and, disgraceful as it is to the intelligence of the age, the clergy of the same church still pretend to their deluded followers that miracles are wrought at St. Winifred's well, and other places counted holy. The blasphemies of Methodist preachers, and their continual intercourse with God and the devil, are still of such daily occurrence, that, to collect them from the spiritual magazines, would fill a volume.

**MODERN GHOSTS.**

The existence of ghosts is still believed among the savages of Tartary, North America, and Africa, and among the equally uncultivated in various parts of Europe. To this day, almost every village in the es-

## RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

No. III.

(European Mag. April.)

### THE SILVER MINE OF ZELLERFELD.

<sup>16</sup> And what news from the Kingdom of Subterraneous Darkness and airy hope?—What says the Swart Spirit of the Mine? - - - Such adventures become a gallant Knight better than a humble Esquire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind,—to dive into the bowels of the Earth.”

*The Antiquary.*

**A**FTER all the thousand similies, which have been made of human life, perhaps there is not a better than that which likens it to a journey. The reason of this is two-fold: it resembles a travel, first, because we are every day moving onwards to its completion, and consequently we every day lessen the distance which we have to go; and secondly, because the prospect around us is ever changing, sometimes suddenly, and sometimes imperceptibly. In the march of life this is also continually the case; for that which attracted the fancy of childhood, is, in general, no longer looked upon by youth, any more than the pleasures of our juvenile days form the enjoyments of manhood, or the contemplations of advancing age. Such likewise is a journey: perchance, at our first setting out, we look upon a level country in high cultivation; then by degrees, the richly party-coloured fields swell into verdant uplands; which afterward rise into dark hills, and these are subsequently exchanged for mountains that seem to embrace the horizon, as the Persians believe those of Kaf surround the world. But the prospects which we behold, while upon our travels, do not always pass away with such a gradual alteration of feature; nor do the events of our lives always glide down into each other, by such undistinguished degrees. No! in the former instance, we often arrive at some stage, where the whole face of nature changes from beauty to wilderness, or from waving forests and corn-fields to rocks and the sea-shore; and in like manner, a single hour will often prove sufficient to alter the whole character of our lives, and to bring us into scenes and situa-

tions, that are totally different from any which we have been previously connected with.

I know not if every impatient and romantic man be possessed of the same feelings, but with me, the moment that one adventure is achieved, or one wish is gratified, my mind is immediately thrown into a state of violent excitation, until my new desire be also fulfilled. Nay, even at the very time when those inclinations are being complied with, I feel in a continual fever of anxiety, until my gratification be put beyond the reach of accident, and I am certain that all which I had anticipated has been performed. From these premises it will be deduced, that after I had descended from the aerial voyage described in my last paper, France was no longer the country for me; since I panted to view the subterranean regions of the world, and pass into those profound caverns, which many wise and good characters have believed to contain a race of beings, that are neither angels nor men. The great Coal Mine at Leige, the splendid Silver Mine at Salsebery, in Sweden, and the amazing depths of the Diamond Mines of Golconda, were all considered for election in my own mind; but my choice was at length fixed by hearing a provincial ballad, relative to the Silver and Copper Mines in the Harz District in Hanover. This brought to my recollection, a thousand supernatural legends, concerning the beautifully romantic nation of Germany; and I conceded a part of my original wish as to the depth of the Mine itself, in favour of the wild adventures with which I might chance to meet, in the subterranean Metal-chambers of Clausthal, Zellerfeld, or Rammelsburg. There, thought I, as I revolved the subject over in my own mind, there is the country of spirits; land and water; flood, mountain, and forest; fire and air have all in the ancient Hercynia their appropriate genii. Waldebock, Schaltenmanu, Rilbezharl,

and the hosts of friendly and malignant Dwarfs which haunt the stony vaults of Walkenreid, and the metallic caverns of the Blockberg, all these, and many a legion beside, have ever made Germany their most favoured abode ! Yes, there will I direct my course ; too late indeed to see the midnight revels on the summit of the Brocker, but not too late to view the enchanted tower of Scharzfeld, the moon-light wolf-hunts of Stiege, the magic stones of Reinstein, and to hear the terrific horn of the wild Jazer, who is fated to ride with fiends through the Harz Forests, until time shall be no more ! As Zetla is a place so distant from the seats of learning, and so cut off as it were from all intercourse with other countries, it may be a matter of surprise how I became acquainted with the principal superstitions of the Germans ; although it will readily be imagined how they became fixed in my memory after they were once made known to me. The truth however is, that my early life, when it was not engaged in more active pursuits, very much resembled those of Edwin in Beattie's Minstrel, and Brian, the wizard Priest of a later poet. In the first instance, the words of the former bard were almost a paraphrase of those uttered by the inhabitants of the Zetland Isles, at my study, abstraction, and variable disposition, from all which causes I received the name of Raymond the Romantic.

" He was no vulgar boy,  
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,  
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;  
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;  
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;  
 And now he laugh'd aloud, though none knew why,  
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, and bless'd the lad ;  
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd  
 him mad."

In the second place, my studies, although of a nature far superior even to those of the most learned in Zetland, were frequently blended with that mystic and unprofitable kind of lore, which, while it is wholly founded in error, nevertheless leads us onward shuddering as we read, to pursue it through all its abstract details, till the mind receives a strong and invincible attachment for the mysterious, the romantic, and the

wonderful. I had, even at an early age, become acquainted with the library of an old German alchemist of North-Maven, in which I found an astonishing collection of ancient authors on magic, from Albumazar, Cornelius Agrippa, and Albertus Magnus, down to Scott, Founan, and Lilly. With such a mind, then, and with such an opportunity of gratifying it, it will be conceived with what ardour I perused

" Whatever tells  
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride."

Such were the means by which I was led to a close acquaintance with the literature of superstition.

I could not describe, if indeed it were relevant to the story, the journey which I made from Paris to the tower of Goslar, in Hanover ; since according to those feelings which I have already attempted to delineate, the time and space which intervened, I passed over like a feverish trance, wherein many images rise before us, but none that remain fixed on the memory, or convey any instruction to the mind. In compliance with the usual custom, I provided myself at Goslar, with a miner's habit for the convenience of descending and examining the Silver Mines at Zellerfeld. This consisted of a short dark-coloured coat, with trowsers of the same nature, dark brown leather boots, and a low fur cap. The machines and engines, connected with the Mines, are spread out for a vast extent above the ground, and are girdled in either by a series of bleak and barren hills, or else by the gloomy verdure of a part of the ancient Hercynian Forest, whose grandest remains are to be found in the Harz District. It was then, on the morning of a day unusually dreary and overclouded, that I advanced towards the gassel, or out-works of the Zellerfeld Silver Mines, in search of a guide to conduct me into their depths, and through the many chambers into which they are divided. As I arrived at the place, there met me one habited in the manner I have already described, and bearing a miner's gad or pickaxe upon his shoulder. His appearance, which of itself was sufficiently rude and fero-

cious, was rendered yet more so by such a dress ; while from beneath the miner's cap there looked out a face of a swarthy red colour, wearing a sarcastic scowl, and shaded by long locks of hair, mustachios, and beard of a ruddy brown hue. I shall never have forgotten that face, even if it had not been connected with my extraordinary adventures at Zellerfeld ; for one so perfect in cunning, so marked with misanthropy, so wild in expression, and yet wearing such a careless and contemptuous smile, (though I have looked upon and studied some thousands of faces,) I have never seen before, nor shall I ever look upon again. From Hans Sebastian Helevig, the old German alchemist already mentioned, I had acquired in my youthful days a knowledge, not only of the sacred and classical languages, but also of several of the modern tongues, and more especially of those which are connected with the dialect of the Zetland Isles ; namely, the Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and German, so that it was without difficulty that I understood and entered into discourse with this mysterious, but to me interesting stranger. As we approached nearer each other, I heard that he was singing a portion of an ancient ballad in praise of Germany, made as I should suppose about the time of the Emperor Maximilian I.

“Oh! Germany, oh! Germany,  
Thy name afar is known ;  
The land that sprites and chivalry  
Have destin'd for their own :  
And glory through thy country shines,  
And glory is below,  
For no such court, and no such mines  
The world again can shew !

“Hail friend !” said I, as he drew near me, “I am searching for a guide to the Mines ; will you become my conductor ?”

“Aye, if you bear a stout heart and a steady head,” replied the miner ; “for I care not to show the Treasury of Zellerfeld to a coward or an idiot.”

“Fear not me,” I answered, “wherever you can lead I can follow ; I have been in equal hazards ere now, though I am not of Germany.”

“Come on then,” was the unceremonious answer, “and if seeing the won-

ders of the earth-caves can delight you, why, there's not a miner in Westphalia can show you a tenth of what I can : I'm called by my fellows, Rudenfranck, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld, perchance, because I dare venture somewhat farther than they—but no matter, they know their own reasons.”

As he spoke, a scowling kind of smile passed over his countenance, such as would well have suited the very being he had spoken of ; however, it was now too late to recede, and we advanced towards the Mine-works together. There are three different ways of entering the Silver Mines of Zellerfeld ; the first is by what is there called an adit, which is a long and large trench, constructed of timber, used for carrying off the waters, admitting the air, and removing the poisonous metallic vapours so common in those places. The second way of going into the Mines is by a series of short ladders, leading down the shaft to the galleries beneath ; and at the foot of each of these, are a few boards placed as a stage to rest upon. The third method, which is by far the least fatiguing, and which I adopted, the better to examine the earth in my descent, is by one of the cars or buckets which bring up the ore, and which are raised and lowered by means of a horse-engine, under the conical Gapel which is built above the Mine-pit. Before we entered the car, my guide procured a lighted flambeau from the men, who were stationed at the top of the Mine to manage the horse ; and then stepping into the basket, which hung freely in the air over an obscure and immense abyss, he motioned to me to follow him. It was with my usual feelings of a delightful, yet hazardous and uncommon enterprise, that I took my place beside Rudenfranck in the bucket ; and as soon as we were both seated, he began to sing in a loud and rude voice, which was fearfully reverberated from all sides of the gulf, and which was answered with corresponding tones by those whom we had left above.

#### DUETT OF THE ZELLERFELD MINERS.

*Rudenfranck.*

Unwind—Unwind to the deeps profound,  
Where glittering metals in darkness glow ;

*First Miner.*

Sink ye now, through the opening ground,  
Into the shades of the world below.

*Rudenfrank.*

Through the shaft has the ear descended,  
Widely is spreading earth's gloomiest dew.

*First Miner.*

Shake the chain, when the voyage hath ended,  
To shew ye have landed in safety then.

*Rudenfrank.*

Downward, downward still we are steering,  
Light is less o'er our heads appearing.

*First Miner.*

Half of the chain to the deeps hath run,  
Soon will your voyage to the Mine be done!

The flame of Rudenfrank's torch gleamed ruddily upon the variously coloured strata that appeared in the earth as we descended; while the light, which showed through the top of the shaft, soon decreased to a star, and at length vanishing wholly away, we were left in the most terrific darkness. As we lost the perception of light, we also lost the power of distinguishing sounds, for I no longer heard the hoarse voice of the shaft-man echoed down the cavity. As we continued to go still lower, I could occasionally perceive that Rudenfrank's torch showed many a beautiful piece of micaceous ore; and sometimes it appeared as though my sight penetrated, through the earth, to a mass of treasure glowing in the more remote parts of the rocky chasm. Sometimes too, and that at a great depth from the surface of the ground, I saw the roots of various kinds of forest-trees; which here and there thrust out an arm, and which looked as if they had been hurled downwards to their present station, either when the Harz Forest was first taken by the German Emperors, or at the universal deluge which overthrew all things. Such appearances made me turn to my guide for an explanation, and he replied in the following terms:

"Zellerfeld Silver Mine was discovered in 1070. It stands six miles to the south south-west of Goslar, in the Principality of Grubenhagen, and the circle of Lower Saxony. All men know that this Mine is one of the richest in Westphalia, since silver to the yearly amount of 20,000 crowns is coined out of its bowels: but few besides yourself have seen, that, in its yet unknown chambers, there is gold enough to make

the poorest miner in the Harz richer than all the kings of the earth. Sometimes, the spirits who make the metals, show them to strangers; and sometimes they mock and frighten them by throwing a handful of red-hot gold at them. As for these trees, they came here when the German Freebooters and the Forest Geister (Forest Ghosts) were the only inhabitants of the Black Forest, when revels, and murders, and phantoms, and demons, and men who were more than either, led the poor earth such a life as she has not yet recovered: and now the proverb goes, that "there's more wood underground in Rammelsburg, than in all the city of Goslar."

We had now been descending for a considerable time, and I was in continual expectation of arriving at the termination of our journey, when the noise of several impetuous torrents broke upon my hearing. Although these falling waters seemed to surround us on every side, they were unseen, but their roaring and dashing encreasing every moment, I began to feel that it was possible that my guide might deserve the diabolical name, which his companions had given him, and that he being really a fiend in human form had lured me into these deeps, and was now about to recompense my unlawful curiosity by dashing me down the mine-shaft, or by hurling me into the subterranean waterfalls. When these fears were at their height, the bucket suddenly stopped, and we passed under a large dark arch where Rudenfrank extinguished his torch, and we were left in the Zellerfeld caverns without a sparkle of light. It was scarcely a moment from the putting out of the torch, which left us in the most impenetrable darkness, to our suddenly entering a large and splendid hall, surrounded by arches of rock glittering most brilliantly with silver mica, and filled with innumerable lights, which show so effulgently in the metallic chamber, that I was unable to look with steadiness upon the glorious spectacle. Around the hall were several spacious galleries containing multitudes of miners at work, with each his light before him glowing in the ore which he was digging, and

refracting a variety of prismatic colours in the metallic rock. Through the floor of the hall ran a stream of clear water, which showed in its dark mirror the whole scene in all its glories: nor did the place appear like a fairy palace, all beauty and wretchedness, and loveliness, and silence; for there was a complete subterranean city, in which men and cattle were employed as actively and as naturally, as ever I beheld them upon the upper ground. In this Silver City of Zellerfeld, there were also fires and lamps placed in the avenues or streets which led from the grand square to the miner's dwellings, and the various houses of entertainment, which were established there; and as these buildings were at the time when I visited the Mine, constructed of the same micaceous rock as the Mine itself, the beauties of the place seemed unbounded and inconceivable. Nor let any one suppose that this subterraneous region was silent. No! for independently of the continual sound of the workmen's gads striking against the rocks, there were also to be heard the song, the shout, the jest, and the tale echoed back from the various bands of miners who were at work in the different galleries; and the rushing sound of the distant waterfalls, gave a romantic and pleasing harmony to the whole.

When I had for some time looked upon this scene in silence, my guide drew me on one side, and said in an undertone:

"Well, now if you have the courage you spake of: descend with me down yonder chasm, and I'll show you a Mine as much beyond this, as the Castle of Sondershausen is beyond a shepherd's hovel."

"What," returned I, "is not this then the famous Mine of Zellerfeld?—Where then is the other?"

"Below the mortal earth," replied Rudenfranck sarcastically, "where should it be? Did not the Dwarfs fly here for safety, when the Black Forest was invaded? and do not they make the metals which these slaves toil after, to make slaves of ten thousand more?"

"In the name of Heaven," cried I with fervour, "who art thou, who art

so familiar with this race of spiritual beings?"

"That matters not," replied he, "but come, make your election—descend, Raymond Mortlake, where no foot ever yet descended, or lose the only chance Heaven will afford you of gratifying your unbounded curiosity. There's not another miner in all Germany can show you what I can."

His decided manner, his addressing me by my name, the consciousness which I had that he must be a spiritual being, and the novelty of my situation, all together completely overcame me, and I sank down in a fainting fit on the floor of the Mine. Upon recovering my senses, from the bright light which shone around me, I thought that I was still in the Great Chamber of the Zellerfeld Silver Mine; but after a short time, I discovered that it was not only a perfectly different place, but also that it was occupied by a different race of beings. The apartment, if so I may call it, into which I had been conveyed, was formed of solid polished silver, disposed in the most elegant arches, columns, pillars, and galleries; while, in the interstices of the architecture, there appeared all the many varieties of silver which is found in the earth. There might be seen the capillary silver, spreading out its long slender stems from a rich vase, placed in a niche: then there was the aborescent, or tree silver, flourishing in large branches in a whole garden formed of the same precious shrubs: the gauze, or the spider's web silver was hung in rich curtains behind the arches of the hall; while native silver in rock, and micaceous silver ore, and silver dust, lay piled in large and glittering treasures on every side. On one side of the hall there appeared to be a large laboratory, in which, on entering, I found a multitude of swarthy deformed Dwarfs; all employed in combining, analysing, and melting, roasting, washing, and boiling the pure silver, with earths of various descriptions. Furnaces, crucibles, mortars, mills, and engines of all sorts, were being actively worked by these subterranean Alchemists; and flames of a thousand different colours were seen

rising from their fires. There were also many other Dwarfs, seemingly of a different species, who were despatched from time to time either with loads of new-made ore, or else with a thick white veil shaped like a balloon, with which they ascended, and soon after caused it to explode in the air. Sometimes these inferior Dwarfs rose in a thin envelope of pale flame, which were also heard to explode; and sometimes they would mount upward, bearing a piece of ignited ore, which would exhale such poisonous metallic fumes, that they almost caused me to fall down in a state of suffocation. The whole of these processes were conducted in profound silence; nay, even the very action of the machines, the grinding, the pounding, and the hammering, were performed without the noises usually attendant upon such operations; and I had not heard one sound by which I could ascertain my own existence, till Rudenfrank exclaimed:

"How now?—said I well, Raymond Mortlake? Is not this the true Mine of Zellerfeld? The idiots above ground are toiling for they know not what: let them dig deeper and be wiser."

It was not without a feeling of disgust at my companion, and a shuddering as I addressed him, that I replied, "And what are these, whose labours are confined to such deeps as mortal never visits."

"These," said Rudenfrank, "are the Metal-makers and Mine-dwarfs, who perform all the offices of your race in nine years; never witnessing old age nor its attendant miseries; but live, generate, and die in the treasure chambers of the earth."

"And those who flew upwards," I answered, "what were they?"

"The Ore-carriers, and the Fire-damp, and the Balloon, and the Vapour-sprites: but come, Raymond Mortlake,

if you will be an immortal Miner, sign your name in this register, and leave the upper world and its poverty for the boundless riches of the Mines."

As he spake he held towards me a large volume, bound in massive silver with a pen, but at that moment the whole force of my character returned to me, and dashing the book from me I cried,

"No! by the power that made me—No! and if, perchance, my vain and romantic wishes should have placed me in the power of a fiend, my repentance will carry me beyond him, and my resistance shall foil his temptations."

I can scarcely tell what followed, but I saw Rudenfrank wave his hand over his head and say, "Come, for it is done," and immediately one of the Fire-damp spirits rose in the air, a loud explosion succeeded; I again sank senseless on the ground, and remembered no more. Upon my recovery I found myself in a miner's hut, but above ground, and several workmen belonging to the Mine were standing round me, using various methods for my recovery. From these humane labourers, I was informed that soon after my entrance into the mine, a thick white vapour, which they term balloon, had exploded; that it had blown up a part of the mine which had been supposed to be haunted, and had been long since disused; and that I had been wounded and thrown down by not having properly avoided the gaseous discharge. All this was unintelligible to me, for neither the time nor the circumstances agreed with what I had seen and heard; but my wonder was greatly increased, when they told me, that no one was seen to enter the bucket with me when I first descended; and that the youngest miner in Westphalia had heard of, and feared to encounter, *Rudenfrank, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld.*

(European Magazine.)

**SECRETS OF CABALISM.**

**I**N the last years of Gustavus the Third's reign, when the French revolution had thrown upwards all the froth of modern philosophy, a sect of Cabalists found its way into Gothland. One of its proselytes was a descendant of the great Wallenstein, and father of a young captain in the royal guard, whose misconduct caused one of its companies to be disbanded, and their officers expelled from Sweden. Count Wallenstein heard of his son's disgrace with considerable coldness. "There is too much of the fluctuating and uncertain element in that boy," said the cabalistical father ;—"some fountain-nymph, some blue-eyed Egeria, will find employment for a Numa so young and romantic. I shall leave him to seek a guardian in his own element."

After this speech Count Wallenstein named his son no more, and seemed to bury himself in his new studies. He employed a French mechanic to construct for him an automaton of great

power, capable, when the stone to which it was attached received any pressure, of advancing, rising and moving its hands with significant and inviting gestures. He was heard to say, on the authority of some profound students, that mechanism and chemistry might go near to produce a human being, and his labours to perfect his favourite work were very long and private. Whether he hoped to animate it like a second Prometheus, and what means he pursued, were known only to himself and his confidential artisan.—Secrecy has always been an essential part of cabalism, and perhaps not the least charm to its professors.

There was at some distance from the little river Wreda, a low wooden house occupied by an unknown Frenchman. He had neither wife nor child, nor any servant except a negress, whose shape and colour were amply sufficient to dismay intrusive spies. The Swedish peasants had no hesitation in pronoun-

cing her one of those sorceresses whose incantations are still feared, yet permitted, in the North. The habitation of these two recluses was in the hollow of a defile made by two rocks, whose faces so nearly met, that the sun could seldom penetrate to their utmost depth even in his highest noon. These rocks were desolately bare, except when the thin white smoke from Bertrand's chimney rose curling over their sides, and gave a kind of softness to their purple tint. Two goats and a watchdog occupied the narrow stockade or enclosure which the Frenchman and his negress had erected round their dwelling, into which no guest was ever admitted. They had spent seventeen years in its seclusion, but Bertrand was not always within his own walls. He took weekly and sometimes daily walks of great length, and his faithful Mooma was not permitted to enquire into their purpose. They might be to make purchases at the next hamlet, for he generally carried with him a knapsack or large basket, and in the beginning of the winter he was more inquisitive respecting shamoy and furs than appeared necessary for his own wardrobe.

But the eighteenth winter brought with it a fatal disease which prevented his excursions, and he looked every day at the setting sun, or at the rings which marked the progress of time on his pine tree torch with frantic impatience. When three weeks of the darkest month had passed, Bertrand called Mooma to the side of his mattress, pointed to a basket which stood empty beside him, and commanded her to fill it with some cakes of rye-flour, a flask of milk, and a piece of honeycomb which he had selected. He beckoned to the dog which usually attended his walks, and seemed as if he had been going to add some urgent orders, but the hand of death was on him. He stretched his hand towards the door with a cry of agony, and died.

Mooma's intellect was well suited to the degree of abject servitude she had borne so many years. To obey her master, to prepare his coarse food, and perform the drudgery of his hovel, was all her knowledge, and she had been content to share his kindness with the

animals domesticated about her. She looked at Bertrand's stiffening features with very little comprehension of the dismal change his death might produce in her situation : and when she had composed his body, and sung the wild melody of an African dirge, she took up the basket and set forth, guided by the unchanging instinct of obedience.

The huge water-dog seemed to hesitate between his desire to remain with his dead master and his accustomed duty of attending the basket. The latter prevailed, and Mooma following his gambols as he snuffed his way through the drifted snow, arrived, after a very long walk, at a place which seemed to her superstitious eyes a mansion for some unknown deity. It was a large circular space about half a mile in extent, covered with smooth and shining ice, except in the centre, where a tuft of dwarf-trees crusted with icicles appeared like a knot of crystal pillars wreathed with diamonds. Something like a dim haze hovered over the highest, and sometimes floated in the wind, while Mooma stood gazing on it as if it had been the breathing of the deity she feared. Her shaggy companion shewed less fear, and seizing the basket from her hand, walked across the blue circle of ice, and deposited it among the frozen trees. He returned bounding and gambolling, till Mooma, conceiving that this offering of food was meant by their dead master to propitiate some unseen power, such as her savage countrymen worshipped, turned her face homewards, hoping to have secured the happy passage of his soul.

Bertrand lay undisturbed in his winding-sheet when she returned to his hut ; and this faithful servant's next task was to deposit him under the richest turf in his little garden. She decorated it with a few beads and shells, all that she had preserved of her native land, and sang the dirge of her tribe until the bitterness of the midnight frost forced her back to her solitary hearth. Winter passed and spring returned without causing any change in her mode of life, for her little stock of oil, rye-flour, and the milk of her goats, sufficed for light and nourishment. And the dog's ges-

tures and joyful bark reminded her every seventh morning to replenish the basket, and carry it again to the spot which seemed familiar to him: and Mooma still believing this a religious rite in some way useful to her dead master, fulfilled it with humble and patient fidelity.

But as the brighter and warmer days approached, the scene of her mysterious duty changed from a sheet of ice to a lovely lake, and the bower in the centre became green. Still the dog plunged resolutely with his charge into the water, swam across, and having deposited it in some invisible recess, returned with his usual expressions of delight. And in this dreary and unfrequented region, the poor negress found comfort in these excursions to perform what seemed a communion with some friendly spirit of the water.

Curiosity has so little part in the uncultivated African's character, that Mooma might have continued her obedience to Bertrand's last command without further investigation, and with a comforting belief that her little tenement's safety was secured by this mysterious ceremony. But on the 19th of March 1792, as she returned from her weekly excursion, her dog's furious howlings and the print of strange feet in the snow informed her of a stranger's visit. Opening the door of her hut, and looking round, she saw the coffer of her dead master had been ransacked, and the only apparel it contained taken out. Part of a rye-loaf and a flask of rum had been taken also, but a small piece of silver was left on the board. It appeared to Mooma of so much more value than the things removed, that she fell on her knees and kissed it with reverence, as the gift of that beneficent spirit to which she paid, as she supposed, her weekly tributes. In one respect Mooma was not mistaken. The rix-dollar was in reality much more in worth than the tattered grey cloak and suit of shamoy leather which the interloper had purloined, but they were of infinite value in his eyes, and except the morsel of rye-bread moistened in rum, he had tasted nothing for several hours. Clothed in his

stolen garb, he made haste to a lonely road which led by many detours and dangerous precipices to a house near the town called Granna.

This house was large, and had the air of a nobleman's mansion, though ill-built and neglected. Our stranger forced himself through a broken gate into a green court-yard, and through a loop-hole once meant for an arrow-slit into the interior of this house, where no one seemed likely to oppose him: for only an old man was sitting alone in a sort of laboratory; and the figure of the intruder so much resembled the great Tycho Brahe's in his grotesque fur-cap and ill-suited leathern coat, that the student stood aghast as if his lucubrations had raised the ghost of Danish philosophy.

"Put out the lights," said the newcomer sternly—"the seventeenth of March is over—he is dead——"

Count Wallenstein knew his son's voice, and ran to embrace him—"I have not an hour to lose," added young Otto—"the gates of the city are shut—I escaped thus far by miracle—are you alone?"

"What is done! what is escaped!" asked the old Count, as if he had feared to understand the desperate import of his son's countenance. Otto made no answer, and the trampling of horses towards his house announced the extremity of danger. "Take this ring and this purse, my son!—pass through the lowest window, and keep to the right of the lake—if no smoke is rising, wait till a woman's hand beckons among the rocks."

Young Wallenstein made but one leap through the outlet into his father's deserted park, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs before the gate as their riders drew themselves round in array to prevent the flight of any inhabitant. But he had strong nerves and muscles—every winding was known to him, and he crept under and among piles of drifted snow, which the early sun of spring had not dissolved. He was soon out of sight and bearing—the immediate danger was passed, and he went at a tardier pace to the lake. What place

of refuge was he to expect there? Every thing on its banks was silent and desolate, but perhaps the absence of all human visitants might be his father's motive for selecting such an asylum. But as he listened with ears quickened by alarm, the word of command given to soldiers, whose trumpet sounded dully on the frozen air, was distinctly audible. There was no alternative: a pile of rocks seemed at a safe distance near the centre; and before the first horse-man had turned upon the banks, Otto plunged in, and swam desperately towards it.

Meanwhile Count Wallenstein received the visit of an armed detachment with the courtesy and coolness of an accomplished statesman. He permitted their official search, heard their strange intelligence, which the commander hardly ventured to hint, and dismissed them with abundant promises to assist their purpose. When the troop had left his domain, he sent his few servants to their beds, and retired himself to his laboratory. He sat there musing and in deep silence till he supposed all asleep. Then with his lamp in one hand and a mask in the other, he descended to the lowest apartment of his house. He was followed unseen by an armed man, the commander of the troop which had visited him to search his tenement a few hours before. This man knew the strange and reserved character of Count Wallenstein, and by bribing a menial, had obtained means of re-entering and watching. He was not disappointed in his expectations of discovering something. Through the crevice of a door studded with iron, but shrunk by age, he saw eleven men seated round a table lighted by the single lamp which the elder Wallenstein had placed upon it.

"We are all assembled," said one at the head of the assembly, "except one—yet the seventeenth of March is past."

"Past, but seen only through a shadow," answered another voice—"we know not yet how far the spirits of earth may subdue those of a nobler element."

"If to give earth to earth be a deed fit for those who profess to be nowise

akin to earthly things," replied the first speaker, bending down his head, and crossing his arms on the horoscope spread before him.—"Had this thing prospered," he added, in a broken tone, "the twelfth chair at this table would not have been vacant now. We have trusted too much to our wisdom—too little to Providence."

"To Providence," was echoed by a dark gaunt man, whose face, though half masked, discovered the grimaces of a maniac—"What is that Providence?—If, as our great master teaches us, the elements have separate ministers that busy themselves in the affairs of men, there is not one but many providences, and we have no right to doubt that one of them at least will befriend us."

"You are right," said Wallenstein—"And why should a word affright us?—What ignorant men call death is but the transmigration of a spirit to its parent element. He who fell on Tuesday had a soul which the world said was a spark of the rarest fire—What if he had passed by the help of fire into a better and fitter state?"

"Still," answered the first speaker, "I see not how we had a right to dispossess his body of that spark by force. If the elements were not blended in him so justly as our science deems fit, we have yet no right to dissolve what we could not amend."

"We have not dissolved, we have only altered," interrupted the enthusiast fiercely—"Earth will receive her part of him—fire has claimed its own—air has his last breath—water—O! there was nothing of that pure and gentle element in his composition. But," he added, pausing and looking at the former speaker, "enough of its coldest particles are in some among us."

"There is iron in water," retorted his opponent, "and you may find strength where there seems only temperance. If the spirits of the element you name delight in murder, it would have been well if they had all been smothered when the upper crust of the earth fell in, as your philosophers pretend, at the first deluge."

The sarcastic sneer on his lip, betrayed by the curl of his thick mustachio,

was not unobserved by Wallenstein, who filled his huge silver cup to the brim. "Whatever be the power and properties of water," he said, in a jovial tone, "we will not try them here. Brothers and friends, let us drink to the nymph of the Wreden lake."

The masked Divan rose, pledged the cup with joined hands, and their president instantly extinguished the lamp. It seemed as if they all departed by different doors, and the Swedish soldier was left alone in his covert. He was powerfully and strangely affected by all he had seen. The mysticism of their language, the apparatus of crucibles and Leyden jars, and the bags of earth, stoves, and bladders, attached to the persons of the speakers, appeared at once grotesque and hideous. There was enough, however, to excite both his curiosity and his loyal zeal, and the last allusion to the Wreden lake determined him to adventure there. He left the house by the same means that had enabled him to enter it, and bent his steps to the banks which his troop had already reconnoitered.

The Swede mused all the way on the obscure hints he had gathered concerning the spirits of the water, and paused once or twice before he tried his strength in swimming across the lake to the island-rock where he supposed the murderer might be concealed.

By frequent and cautious surveys, he discovered a prominent rock in a part of the islet nearest the main shore, distinguished by something like a flight of steps. He even imagined, as the water lay calm and clear, that the fragments of rock piled under these steps had the appearance of an artificial barricade. The soldier's eye was keen and experienced. He dived like a bird of the water, and alighted on a point very little below its surface. But an apparition rose before him which seemed to change his blood into the same cold element. A creature gradually advanced from behind the reef of caverned rocks in the semblance of a female. Her long dripping hair was tangled with weeds and sand, but there was motion in her eyes and in the

hands that seemed to act like oars upon the water. Presently she rose breast-high above, and remained still, her neck shining in the moon-light like polished ivory. The soldier's eyes fastened themselves on this spectacle, and all that he had heard of the Count's communion with beings of another species came upon his thoughts. Still he stood firm on the base of the rock, though without strength enough to move. The mer-maiden, if such a name may be given to the nymph of the lake, only raised her hand as if to beckon him away, and her large blue eyes dwelt on him with a fascinating gaze. Either his dazzled eyes or the motion of the water seemed to bring her nearer; and making one instinctive effort, he charged his carabine which he had brought slung over his shoulder, and fired. The ball rebounded as from a stone, but the flash of another musquet passed close to his head. The soldier, however daunted by a nymph of the lake, had no fear of ordinary beings, and deeming he had a mortal enemy to deal with, he stepped back, and again loading his fusil, discharged it through the crevice from whence the hostile bullet had proceeded. It was answered by a deadly groan. He bent down, and looking into the chasm, saw Count Wallenstein's son struggling with death. The generous soldier raised him up, and would have forced a cordial into his lips. "It is too late," said Otto, "but I have lived long enough. Carry me farther into the cave, and let me die."

"Ah, Wallenstein!" said the soldier, "why did you not trust me?—How could I expect to find you in this deplorable disguise? But the seventeenth of March is past, and the King still lives.

"He must die!" answered Otto; "Ankerstroem charged his pistol trebly, and his aim was sure. Make your own escape. There is a peril nearer than you dream of!"

He would have said more, but voice and life failed him. His last words only roused and confirmed the courage of the Swedish soldier. He took the cap

and cloak of the dead body, and went further into the cave, from which a thin smoke seemed to ascend. It guided him to a kind of recess arched with the living rock, and lighted only by a fire of pine-tree. Near it sat a man of singularly gaunt and grim figure muffled in a military cloak, with a large sack beside him.—“Make your escape,” said the soldier, imitating the voice and phrase of young Wallenstein—“there is a peril nearer than you dream of.”—“What then?” retorted the ruffian—“have I not shared it with our comrades eighteen months?—Thanks to the faithful fool, and a dog’s cunning, we have not starved here. What! did the wooden mermaid scare away the spy?”—“He is safe,” said the loyal Swede, lowering his voice, and retiring into the most

shadowy corner.—“So will I be!” rejoined his companion—“Your master Rosicrucius had an iron effigy to guard his tomb—his disciples have a painted one to secure their treasury—I will shew you better machinery.” So saying he made a leap towards the outlet of the cave, but the troop had forded the lake and crowded in to the assistance of their commander. They seized the regicide’s accomplice, and found in the recesses of the cave all the correspondence, gold, weapons, and ammunition of the traitorous cabal.

The automaton artfully constructed to guard the entrance when the foot of a stranger invaded it, was hewn to pieces, and Ankerstroem’s miserable death on the scaffold terminated one daring effort of political cabalism. V.

# **SHUFFLEBOTHAM'S DREAM.: HONoured MR. NORTH,**

JOSIAN SHUFFLEBOTHAM

*The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines (1817-1833);* Mar 15, 1821; 8, 12;

American Periodicals

pg. 480

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## **SHUFFLEBOTHAM'S DREAM.**

HONoured MR. NORTH,

**Y**OU need not shrug your shoulders at the commencement of this epistle. I know well enough how great a bore, as your modern young gentlemen

elegantly term it, it is, in general, to tell one's dreams. "Babbling dreams," Shakspeare calls them; and, to be sure, for the most part, they have all the disadvantage of fiction. joined to the trite-

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\* Probably Connecticut.

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ness of common-place reality. But this that I am going to give you is, as far as I can see, as agreeable as any realities I have to send you at present from Gowks-Hall, excepting, peradventure, the smoked flitch which accompanies this, and which Dinah says, she hopes is quite equal to that you liked so well when you did us the honour to stop a day or two last back-end. However, I must not wander from my subject, considering that I am now only relating a dream, and not dreaming one. Well, I had got comfortably settled the other night, in the old stuffed arm-chair by the fire, after having, at last, sent off to bed your friend Roger, who had been deafening us all the evening with practising "Tantivy," "Up in the morning early," and "the Lass of Livingstone," upon the old French hunting-horn that hangs in the hall; and sister Dinah had left me to enjoy my pipe, ewe-milk cheese, and jug of mulled October, (old John has made a capital brewage of it this year, Mr. North, you'll be glad to hear,) together with a volume of Anderson's Poets, when, somehow or other, I dropped asleep. Then followed the oddest vision that ever I knew or heard of, all as regular as clock-work, as one may say.

Methought I found myself, all at once, in a long room with a gallery, like a concert-room, and that, in the gallery, was an audience, as for a concert. I thought, however, that I was in the body of the room, and not in the gallery, and there came in to me a whole company of people, with musical instruments in their hands, whom I knew at once, I cannot tell how, to be poets. To be sure, some of them had an out-of-the-world look enough—but there's no accounting for these things in dreams. There they all stood at their music-stands, as natural as the life, just as fiddlers do; and, as I remembered, they first all played together the sweetest and wildest harmony I ever heard: indeed, it seemed quite supernatural, and put me into a sort of amaze, and made me gasp for breath, with a feeling such as one recollects to have had, when a boy, in a swing whilst on the return. After

that they chimed in, one by one, to play *solos*, I think, the musicians call them; and some, whose turns were far off, I thought, stood about and came near me, and appeared very affable and familiar. The oddest thing was, that I always knew perfectly who played, though how I came by the knowledge I cannot tell.

The first that played was a pale noble-looking man, whom I knew at first sight to be Lord Byron, and he gave us a solo on the serpent, such as are used in military bands. One would think this was a strange instrument to play solos upon—but such playing you never heard; he seemed to have such command over it, that he could make it almost as soft and mellow as a flute; and the depth and beautiful inflections of his lower tones were miraculous. I sometimes could not help feeling a mistiness about the eyes, and a heavy palpitation of the heart. Perhaps the ewe-milk cheese and mulled October might have something to do with this—but there's no accounting for any thing in dreams. After him a well-dressed gentleman, who was no other than Mr. Campbell, gave us a sonata on the violin, which he played very scientifically, though, to my mind, he seemed very timorous, and played a weak bow. However, he got plenty of applause, both from his companions and the spectators in the gallery.

He had hardly finished, when up stalked a grave, plain-looking man, with a sort of absent air, and his hair combed smoothly over his forehead, something like a methodist preacher. He would have neither music-book nor music stand, nor did I see any instrument he had—when, to my astonishment, I overheard somebody whisper, "Wordsworth's going to give us a grand concerto on the Jews'-harp he bought last week of a philosophical Jew pedlar from Kirby Steven." And so he did; and, what is more, the concerto was well worth the hearing. You would not believe, Mr. North, what tones he brought out of his gew-gaw, as we call it in this country-side. The man at Liverpool was nothing to him. He

got thunders of applause, though I could see some laughed, and some few sneered, and some wicked wag had the impudence to call out, "well done, *smouch*!" I rather suspected that this came from some of the poets about me, for I saw Lord Byron and little Moore laughing, behind, as if they would split. However, it evidently vexed Mr. Wordsworth sadly, for he turned away in a pet, and walked into a corner,—which occasioned a sort of pause. In the corner where he went stood a very antique looking, magnificent organ, to which he sat down; and, on looking more intently, I discovered the name of Milton in gilt letters on the front, from which I inferred that it had formerly belonged to him. Mr. Wordsworth, to shew, I suppose, that he could play if he chose, struck a bar or two in such grand Miltonic style, as immediately silenced the laughers.

Order, however, was not long kept, for little Moore's jokes were not to be suppressed, even during Mr. Southey's grand Maestoso flourish on the trumpet. The trumpet was an old one, having been used ever since Queen Elizabeth's time in the coronation of our sovereigns; and, from an unfortunate bruise or two, had begun, as Mr. Moore observed, "to sound a little flat." Perhaps even Mr. Southey's powers had not quite done justice to it; for, though a promising musician, he had taken up this instrument rather late in life; nor had his former practice been such as to afford him much facility in the attainment of execution upon it. This, at least, was little Moore's account, repeated, with divers significant shrugs and half nods, to a listening circle. He concluded by saying, "he would have advised the Laureate to have kept to that ancient scripture instrument, the sackbut." Mr. Southey however concluded, in the midst of great plaudits, and after he had finished, the amusement ran still higher. What could equal my astonishment, when I beheld Mr. Coleridge, after an eloquent disquisition on the powers of "this novel, but admirable and simple instrument," sit down to play a Phantasia, with a

skewer upon a gridiron, which he called "the dulcimer of nature." Who would have dreamed of producing music from such a thing? Yet Coleridge did so. The applause was immense—Lord Byron clapped immoderately; and even Mr. Jeffrey, who was in the front of the gallery, loudly called "encore," in his odd tone, between jest and earnest. But this extraordinary exhibition was not the only display of Mr. Coleridge's singular genius. He favoured us with a specimen of his manner of playing the Eolian harp, which he did by breathing into it. Nay, for the gratification of the company, he thus played himself to sleep, and produced a most capital bass accompaniment by snoring. When he awaked, which he did in about ten minutes, he proceeded to maintain that "a hair and cinder" was one of the finest instruments that human wit ever invented; and to prove this, played a rhapsody upon it with no small effect. After the applause had subsided, he informed us however, in rather a transcendental tone, that the cinder came from a subterraneous fire in Abyssinia, and the hair from the tail of a black horse with green eyes, of a mysterious breed, preserved by a certain German baron, a friend of his, and a descendant of Dr. Faustus, on his domain in the Hartz mountains; a piece of information which seemed to excite as much merriment as wonder in some of his hearers.

After Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Moore was universally called upon, who, as soon as he had recovered from his laughing, played us an exquisite old Irish air on the flute, with a pathos that brought the tears into my old eyes. He then attempted a grand Turkish march, with the aid of Turkish bells, which he jingled as an accompaniment; this, however, by no means accorded well with the genius of his instrument. So, suddenly laying down his flute, he siezed a dancing master's kit, which had belonged to the famous Bath Guide, Anstey, on which he rattled off a humorous divertimento with infinite spirit. Elated with the success of this piece of gayety, he produced a mail-coach horn,

and proceeded to amuse the audience with a burlesque of Mr. Southey's grand trumpet flourish, in which he at last got so personal as to raise a terrible tumult in the gallery. Some groaned, some applauded, some hissed, some catcalled, and some roared "go on." Mr. Jeffrey, who took his part, had like to have got to loggerheads with our friend Mr. Blackwood, who was sitting next him. there was no saying how matters might have ended, had not Ensign Odoherty, who had chosen to pack himself in a snug corner of the gallery, luckily hit upon the expedient of volunteering the "Humors of Glen" through a pocket comb, in a most stentorian voice, accompanied by himself, with a pewter pot, and two tobacco pipes, by way of kettle-drum, which at length drowned the clamour. But when the Ensign proceeded with a thumb in each side of his mouth, and a finger on each nostril, in order to produce the swells and falls like a pedal, to whistle a Polonoise, (which he called "his Pulley-nose") with original variations—good humour was completely restored. Lord Strangford finally mollified every body, by breathing some Portuguese airs, with much sweetness, through a third flute. I observed, by the way, that his Lordship played with a "mouth-piece"—which, somebody told me he had found amongst the remains of Camoëns, when in those parts. In emulation, I presume, of Lords Byron and Strangford, Lord Thurlow next essayed ; but whether some mischievous wag had greased his fiddlestick, or how it happened I cannot tell, but he produced only some uncouth noises, that hardly amounted to tones ; so that the Ensign, who now took Mr. Moore's place as joker, recommended him to the barrel organ on the stairhead. Percy Bysshe Shelley succeeded better in out-Byroning Byron ; for, with a trombone, he horrified us with some of the most terrific passages I ever heard. They became at last perfectly disagreeable.

The next performer, to my great delight, was Sir Walter Scott. He blew a clarionet ; and whether the mood was "Marcia," "Fieramente," or "Pastorale," this fine bold natural player made

all ring again. He concluded with a most spirited reveille on the patent bugle. I could not help remarking the strong banking that Sir Walter seemed to have after a pair of huge old bagpipes, which had last belonged to Allan Ramsay, but which now lay dusty and neglected. Many a joke was launched at this unfortunate instrument. Moore called it silly, "a green bag—and of the worst sort ;" and Coleridge, a "doodle sack," which he said was "the German name, and, like all other German names, highly expressive." Sir Walter stood stoutly up for them ; and proved, by some Roman sculptures, the venerable date and good estimation of the instrument. In fine, after regretting the absence of Cunningham, who, he said, would play them better than any man in Scotland, he called upon Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, to rub up his old craft, and give them *a bilt* ; which he did in a style that set little Moore a dancing, and drew a flood of tears down Coleridge's cheeks. After Mr. Hogg had laid down the bagpipes, he pulled out a pandean pipe, and played some strains of extraordinary power and execution, as wild and resonant as if they had been echoed by a hundred hills. They were only exceeded in fancy by Mr. Wilson, who, on the hautboy, breathed a lay so soft and imaginative, that I never heard the like. It was the very moonlight of sound. He suddenly passed into a tone of terror, sometimes amounting almost to a scream, mingled with snatches of plaintive lamentation. It reminded me forcibly of the Massacre of Glencoe. I took the liberty of asking Mr. Wilson if he played it ? he said he did not. On which I begged to recommend to him Frazer's Highland tunes, amongst which that extraordinary air is to be found, and made bold to assure him, that his hautboy would make more of it than all the other instruments put together ;—at which he smiled and shook his head.

We were interrupted by a wonderfully striking, expressive and even sweet ditty, which, on turning round, I found to proceed from an elderly clerical look-

ing personage, who was playing on the hurdy-gurdy. When I saw it was Mr Crabbe, I was not surprised at the pleasure which even this monotonous not to say vulgar, instrument afforded me. But what cannot genius do? It is reported Mr. Crabbe has some thoughts of training a band of marrowbones and cleavers, and every body says it would be the finest thing that has been heard for a long time. Mr. Wilson informed me that the reverend gentleman sung a ballad to admiration, the which he has been known to accompany with his thumb on the great kitchen table, very successfully by way of bass. Just as the word ballad was mentioned, a dispute fell out with Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Southey, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Wordsworth, whether "the Cobbler of Bucklersbury," "the Bloody Gardiner," "Giles Scroggins' **Ghost,**" or the "Babes of the Wood," was the most sublime piece. I thought Mr. Crabbe seemed to have the advantage.

Whilst this argument was going on happening to turn my eyes towards the side of the room, I saw an old musical instrument or two, which I went and examined. There was a violincello which, Mr. Wilson informed me, had once been Dryden's, and which, he said, they were very shy of touching now-a-days. It was a strong formidable looking instrument. Next to it was a gigantic double bass, with a bow like that of Ulysses, which, it seems, used to be played upon by Dr. Young. Beside it stood an antiquated harp of great dimensions, on which was carved EDMUND SPENCER; but the greatest curiosity of all, in my mind, was a unique, ebony, old English flute, as big as a blunderbuss, and not very unlike one. It was the flute of Chaucer, and as, Mr. Wilson said, it had not been touched in the memory of man, the precise gamut was probably lost. I was contemplating this venerable old relic with profound attention, when I got a terrible start with the most hideous noise I ever heard in my life.—This, upon examination, I found to come from Mr. Fitzgerald, who insisted upon treating the company with

"God save the King" upon a Chinese gong. The din was so great that I can't say I made much tune out. It was no small relief to hear Mr. Croker play "Lord Wellington," with some variations for the fife. He also gave us the "Death of Nelson" very finely. Mr. Rogers then warbled a beautiful little "dolce" on the double flageolet; and Mr. Spencer, a madrigal on the French flageolet. Mr. Montgomery played the "German Hymn" on a celestina, and Mr. Frere a most ingenious capriccio on the triangle.

These having ended, my attention was attracted by a rather conceited London-looking gentleman, who was strumming with some execution, and a good deal of affectation, on an old-fashioned spinnet, or rather virginal; when he turned round I discovered him to be Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, when the company congratulated him, informed us that his spinnet was of the true Italian make, and had probably belonged to Tasso. He had himself, however, been obliged to refit and add a good many strings. Upon some one doubting this pedigree, and saying that, after all, the extent of what was known with any certainty about the matter was, that the spinnet had been found in an old house in little Britain, in the occupation of Mr. Peter Prig, late eminent pawn-broker, deceased, to whose father it was pawned by an Italian toyman, I thought Mr. Hunt seemed more piqued than the occasion seemed to require. However, he soon recovered himself, and taking Lord Byron aside, with a jaunty and familiar air, held him by the button, and whispered in his ear for some minutes, during which I overheard the words "mere malice" and "political rancour," once or twice. Mr. Hunt then introduced a young gentleman without a neckcloth, of the name of Keats, who played a sort of Sapphic ode, in the metre dicolos petrastrophos, upon a lyre, which he said was exactly modled after that given by ancient sculptors to Apollo. Nor was I displeased with the music, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the instrument. Indeed Mr. Keats hardly had fair-play. The lyre being

of his own manufacture, and not put together in the most workmanlike manner, a string or two got loose during the performance, which marred the effect sadly. After him Mr. Barrey Cornwall favored us with a serenade on the Spanish guitar, and sung a madrigal of Shakspeare, set by the celebrated old composer, Bird, accompanying himself, and giving this ancient harmony great effect.

Our applauses were suddenly interrupted by a most extraordinary phenomenon. This was a young gentleman of the name of Smith, who professed to play after the manner of the famous Signor What-d'ye-call-em, upon ten instruments at once; which he did to the admiration of all present. I never heard such thunders of applause and laughter; and when, like a full band all playing in concert—"sackbuts and plalteries,"—he struck up, and introduced as finale, the grotesque old ballad-tune of "Jingling Geordie," I thought the house would have come down. What pleased me as much as any thing, was to see the most popular poets of the time, who were thus a sort of out-done, enjoy the joke, and clap, and vociferate, as zealously as any of us.

This it would seem was the concluding performance, and I was still laughing and clapping my hands in ecstasy, when I found a circle round me, polite-

ly begging me to favor them with a stave or two. I was unluckily in high glee; and, oh! Mr. North, how I longed for my Northumberland small-pipes, with ebony and silver drones, and ivory chanter! I felt as if I could have given them "Over the Border," or "the Peacock follows the Hen," with all the fire of Jamie Allan, or Fitzmaurice himself. As I had owned myself a musician, however, they insisted upon my playing something, and forced an instrument into my hands—but whether it was flute, clarionet, pipe, or whistle, I am sure I cannot tell. One imagines, in a dream, that one can do every thing—so I put it to my mouth, and produced some notes of what Pope says is "harmony not understood,"—that is to say, discord.

Maugre the contortions of the countenances around me, I was still persevering and getting from bad to worse, when suddenly a voice with a strong Scotch accent, and a tone of most irresistible humour, exclaimed, "Lord safe our lungs—what a guse's thrapple." The whole assemblage burst out laughing at this ejaculation of the shepherd, and I awoke in a cold sweat, with my tobacco-pipe in both hands, like a flute, and the candle just expiring in the socket, at a quarter to one in the morning. I am, &c. &c. &c.

JOSIAH SHUFFLEBOTHAM.

**PHANTASMATA; WITH A NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS.**

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**PHANTASMATA ; WITH A NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS.**

When I go musing all alone,

Thinking of divers things foreknown ;

When I build castles in the air,

Void of sorrow and void of fear ;

Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,

Methinks the time runs very fleet.

*Burton.*

**WE** foresee, we shall occasionally be very serious in the course of our subject, though our object will, of course, be rather to amuse than to alarm our readers ; unless, "like children of a smaller growth," we *begin* by endeavouring to entertain one another, and *leave off* with being frightened at the stories, which our own recollection or imaginations have conjured up.

As it would be useless and cruel to think of establishing our essay towards

a theory of apparitions, on our own personal experience and that of our friends, we propose to have recourse to old Cardan, Burton, and Dr. Johnson, whenever we feel at a loss for individuals to fill our specimens of the various species and genera of ghosts. Indeed, we wonder that Darwin never undertook the task, as a supplement to his *Zoonomia*; it would have afforded a famous field for *Σπουδαια*, in the veteran gentlemen of the faculty, during the last century. *Centauros, Gorgonos, Harpyiasque*—we should really have beheld a phantasmagorian controversy, in which Dr. Johnson would have shone, as to the nature and *substances of spirits*. The friends of the Doctor were almost tempted to believe he knew something more than he ought to do about such matters, as he affected considerable mystery, and observed, “that the belief in apparitions would become universal only by its truth, and that those, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears.” However far we may be obliged to look forward into futurity for the *general acceptance* of the Doctor’s ghostly advice, or feel inclined to place it at the side of optimism or the millenium, we would not, on the other hand, be supposed to agree with those ‘wicked wits,’ who, presuming to laugh at every thing they do not readily understand, can make no allowances for difference of opinion, on a point, which cannot be decided by a Q. E. D.—who not only laugh to scorn the exploded doctrine of sliding-pannels, trap-doors, back-stairs, tapestry, and wax-work figures, with the other instruments of the ancient romance; but wilfully and maliciously refuse to give credit to, and be tender with the consciences of such as profess a belief in supernatural visitations, shewing little sympathy with those, who labour under nervous or spectral delusions, or, indeed, under any other species of delusions or sufferings whatsoever. We should despair of making these “giants of the earth, with hearts of iron, and with ribs of steel, who never felt variation in the weather,” converts to our theory. It, perhaps, is not too much to say, that they would leave an hypochondriac, with the ut-

most carelessness and cold-bloodedness, under a burning sun in the open fields, without offering him an arm; or to sail on the water, in the glare of a patent-lamp; or leave him by himself in his library, in the

“Darkness of chaos and old night,”

towards evening, “rightly prepared to see **ghosts**, while seated comfortably by his library-fire, as much as if he were amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

But it will be prelerable to give our numerous readers a little advice out of poor Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” in order that they may avoid a *visionary* taste, than thus insist upon a comparison, which might produce a controversy between the partizans of the nervous and the bracing systems; which last, our cold-blooded wits are very apt to recommend.

We suppose most authors, in their atrabilious moods, must have paid their respects, more or less, to Democritus the younger: whether we should recommend our readers to do so, we are somewhat in doubt. If you should dip into him, you will dive: with the old English “thews and sinews,” he has all the grace and proportions of our language, and is the only pedant, full of quotations, that we did not find disagreeable in company, after the cloth was removed. In truth, he has a very pleasing way of saying sad things; and for an hypochondriac, his croak is very inviting, and may be said rather to resemble the American (which is much more harmonious than an English) frog. Though his divisions are somewhat of the quaintest, and his distinctions occasionally without a difference, yet his notes are altogether of that pitch, which musicians would pronounce harmonious, inasmuch as they combine some breaks of discord in the croak. “Peace be to thy ashes,” old Burton! Sterne is but thy shadow: he never was half so melancholy, nor so humorous, as thou. His very archness, his indulgence of playful metaphor, and fine digressive stories, make us in love with him; perhaps, because we think he was not so very logical, and only desired to instruct and entertain. His style has

the feeling of familiar conversation, and his air is that of a courtier, though always rather downcast, as if he were perpetually out of office. This, we believe, was the case with our younger Democritus's bile, which never properly secreted itself, to which, he tells us, we are indebted for his book. Notwithstanding his formidable collections, Burton wrote some excellent poetry, whose *only* fault was that for which we have reproached but one poet of our day besides—that there was really too little of it. But let us hear his account of the feelings of persons before they see **ghosts**; that is, we mean, of melancholy people:—

“Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania* and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is, so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted and done.---So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years, alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study and employment. The fantastical and bewitching thoughts, so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon them, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off, or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath, with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly cut in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well, or willingly, refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until, at last, the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, (query, a **ghost**!) and they being now habituated to vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, than this infernal plague, or melancholy, seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dis-

mal object on their minds, which now by no means, no labours, no persuasions, they can avoid:”

“*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*”

We may easily perceive, that the patient of Democritus is in a fair way, if he should not seek society, to be very soon in worse company than his own. Ambitious of possessing an ideal world, in which his imagination may have free scope to build in, or to destroy, he never suspects, that in this fairy-land of his own, there are more fears and sorrows lying in wait for him, than he would probably have met with in the more dull material world: add to which our theory of apparitions, lurking in the distance, just ready to seize the incautious wanderer in moments of illusive feeling, or dejection. When Dr. Johnson found himself in the latter predicament, he used to call out loudly for Port wine; and many, he declares, were the solitary bottles, which he had thus been under the necessity of drinking, without his friends. We have little doubt but this was to strengthen himself against the fear of **ghosts**, which long survives our belief in them, and, added to the doctor's modicum of faith, must occasionally have made him feel very uncomfortable. When we consider what we have suffered in our childhood, we shrewdly suspect that a man is still in the predicament of the officer, who had passed much of his early life in shifts and reverses, and, when he afterwards stepped into a large fortune, could never entirely conquer his fears of bailiffs, at the approach of whom he instinctively fled. Were we to endeavour to prove the appearance of apparitions by the universality of the creed, not excepting the “*odi profanum vulgus*,” we think, by a shew of hands, it would be decided in its favour. Why do we, otherwise, listen with such surpassing interest to a well-authenticated and respectable **ghost-story**, following Priestley, or Southey,

“——thro' many a bout

Of linked *stories* well made out,”

as they trace old Jeffrey, old Wesley's boarder, through the windings and crannies of the house and floors. Re-

specting such stories, Dr. Ferriar observes :

" I cannot help feeling some degree of complacency, in offering to the makers and readers of such stories, a view of the subject, which may extend their enjoyment far beyond its former limits. It has given me pain to see the most fearful and ghostly commencements of a tale of horror reduced to mere common events, at the winding up of the book. So hackneyed, so exhausted, had all artificial methods of terror become, that one original genius was compelled to convert a mail-coach, with its lighted lamps, into an apparition. Now, I freely offer, to the manufacturers of **ghosts**, the privilege of raising them, in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise, as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy ; and even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged, on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror, which completely balk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a second reading."

According to this novel method, both for inventing and accounting for, the appearance of **ghosts**, we are informed, that it is only necessary to have a peculiar affection of the brain, when waking, in the same manner as when asleep, to enjoy the company of whatever beings we please. In this we are allowed more latitude of choice than in real life ; but we observe, that, when the Doctor comes to the *onus probandi*, and treats us with a few instances, these ærial friends of his come in whatever dress and at whatever hour they choose, without consulting us for a moment.

Before we proceed to an *analysis of cases*, we must mention one argument for the existence of **ghosts**, which resembles that of a famous old judge, who declared, that " there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because divers statutes had been made against it." Thus, it is very well known, that spirits of various shapes and colours have been administered, by High German Doctors of other times, for the purpose of expelling devils out of human bodies, into which it was supposed they had entered, by covertly mixing themselves with the patients' food. This is curious ; but as to seeing and hearing demons speak, it is so very notorious, that we shall not stop to

mention it. The voice, which Doctor Johnson heard, was probably, one of these ; but which he half mistook for that of his mother, calling, in a loud voice, "*Sam ! Sam !*" Far from ridiculing, or appearing to doubt the truth of our theory, Doctor Ferriar expressly says :—

" I have been forced to listen, *with much gravity*, to a man only partially insane, who assured me that the devil was lodged in his side ; and that I should perceive him thumping and fluttering there, in a manner which would perfectly convince me of his presence. Another actually declared, that he had swallowed the devil. From the most generous motives, he resisted, we are told, the calls of nature during several days, lest he should set the foul fiend at liberty."

Nothing, indeed, can be added to the diligence of Remigius, says Doctor Ferriar, with respect to the forms of demons. He was a commissioner for the trial of witches, in Lorrain ; and as he informs us, in the course of fifteen years, he condemned nine hundred criminals to the stake. The monstrous absurdities, which his book contains, are supported by juridical proofs, most of which evidently proceeded from spectral impressions, when they were not extorted by torture.

In the case of the young woman who was incessantly attended by her own apparition, she may safely be declared to have been *beside herself*. But how are we to reconcile the story of Ben Jonson to our new theory ?—" he being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden, saw, in a vision, his eldest son ; and shortly after there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague." He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection. Perhaps, the best way of seeking a solution for this mysterious coincidence is in the poetical imagination of old Jonson, who confessed that " he had spent a whole night in looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight very savagely, in his imagination."

" Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer's eve, by haunted stream."

The visions of Beaumont are given in a volume of 400 octavo pages. Among these, like the person mentioned by Aubrey, he had two particular spirits with names, which constantly attended him, besides others without names. They waited upon him, by night and day, for above three months together; called each other by their names, while several other spirits would knock at his chamber-door, and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer, they did. One of these spirits, in women's dress, lay down upon the bed by him every night: and told him, if he slept, the spirits would kill him, which kept him waking for three nights together.

When we reflect upon the fine genius of Tasso, we must regret that so few particulars are preserved respecting the visions, which appeared to him in his cell. At stated periods, he fancied he held unearthly dialogues with a celestial visitant, and pointed to it in the presence of spectators, conversing in a most respectful and serious manner, like Hamlet with his father. This appears to have been one of the few instances, in which the hallucination was rather gratifying than distressing to a prisoner, a lover and a poet, forsaken and oppressed. We wish we could exchange some hundred pages of Beaumont's reveries, for a few accredited visions of Torquato Tasso.

We must refer all incredulous readers to Comenius, for the visions of Kotter and Dabricius, aided by very ghostly engravings, which cannot fail to impress the subject upon their minds. The work is entitled "*Lux è Tenebris*," which, as an Irishman would observe, has rather a *spectral sound*.

"I have shewn," says Dr. F. "that a morbid disposition of the brain is capable of producing spectral impressions, without any external prototypes. The religion of the ancients, which peopled all parts of nature with deities of different ranks, exposed them, in a peculiar manner, to the delusions of the imagination; and I have had occasion, in another essay, to mention the influence, which the doctrines of Plato have exerted in this respect, even since the establishment of Christianity. From recalling images by an art of memory, the transition is direct to be-

holding spectral objects, which have been floating in the imagination. Yet, in the most frantic assemblage of this nature, no novelty appears. The spectre may be larger or smaller; it may be compounded of the parts of different animals; but it is always framed from the recollection of familiar, though discordant images. The simple renewal of the impressions of form or voice, in the case of particular friends, is the most obvious, and most forcible of those recollections. Of this kind seems to have been the celebrated apparition of Ficinus to Michael Mercato, mentioned by Baronius."

On the same principles, he observes, we must explain the apparitions recorded by Vincentius, in the *Speculum Historiæ*, and extracted from him by Wolfius, in his *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ*, particularly the appearance of Pope Benedict to the Bishop of Capua:

"Alas!" exclaimed the Bishop, "art thou not Pope Benedict, whom once I knew alive?"—"I am indeed," he returned, "I am that wretch." "How is it then with you, father? speak!"—"O I am grievously tormented; yet not so as to despair of the mercy of God, if help were stretched forth towards me, where I do indeed require it."—"Then I beseech you to rise, and seek my brother John who now fills the apostolic seat: tell him that, on my part, he distribute as soon as possible, to the poor, the treasure which lies hoarded in such a chest. O that I were well rid of all I have extorted by rapine and injustice!"

The bishop immediately set off for Rome, repeated his words to the Pope, and, delivering up his bishoprick, died a *simple monk*."

My observations on this subject may be strengthened by observing the great prevalence of spectral delusions, during the interregnum, in this country, after the civil war in 1649. The melancholic tendency of the rigid puritans of that period; their occupancy of old family seats, formerly the residence of hospitality and good cheer, which in their hands became desolate and gloomy; and the dismal stories propagated by the discarded retainers to the ancient establishments, ecclesiastical and civil, contributed altogether to produce a national horror, unknown in other periods of our history. A curious example of this disposition is afforded by the trial of Dr. Pordage, which was published under the delightful title of "*Demonium Meridianum*, or Satan at Noon-day." Among many charges brought against him, Dr. Pordage was accused of de-

moniacal visions, and of frequent apparitions in his house; one of which consisted in the representation of a coach and six, on a brick chimney, in which the carriage and horses continued in constant motion for many weeks. It was said, "that a great dragon came into his chamber, with a tail of eight yards long, four great teeth, and did spit fire at him; that his own angel stood by him; in his own shape and fashion, the same shape, band and cuffs, and that he supported him in his combat with the dragon; that Mrs. Portage and Mrs. Flavel had their angels standing by them also; and that the spirits often came into the chamber, and drew the curtains when they were in bed." We are not told the result of these singular charges, in which Dr. P. was considered equally guilty in keeping company with angels or with dragons. Indeed, we cannot help thinking it somewhat unjust, that, added to the fright, a man should be prosecuted for living in a haunted house.

Among the less pleasing transformations, with which Dr. F. presents us, is an instance of the lycanthropia, in which the patient imagines himself to have become a wolf—a supposition, we are told, most likely produced by narcotic potions of hyoscyamus and datura stramonium, (query, wolf's-bane?) After this, we are followed by a series of spectres, whose claims to our regard are of a more doubtful nature. We shall still venture to mention one of them, which appeared to M. Bezuel, as it is extremely curious. He had entered into a compact, when young, with M. Desfontaines, engaging that, whichever died first, he should visit the survivor. About two years after, the agreement was fulfilled by M. Desfontaines, who had been drowned near Caen, and appeared on the day following to his friend. M. Bezuel was amusing himself at the time in hay-making at M. de Sortoville's, when he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, succeeded by a sleepless night. He had a second fit on the following day, and in the same meadow. But on the third day, while he was on the hay-

stack, he had a still more violent attack (they had written the compact in their blood), and this last ushered in the ghost.

"I fell into a swoon," says M. Bezuel; "one of the footmen perceived it, and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before. I was told that they asked me, what ailed me? and that I answered, 'I have seen what I thought I should never see.' But I neither remember the question, nor the answer. However it agrees with what I remember I saw then, a naked man, in half-length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder; but, because I saw Desfontaines at the bottom I had a fainting fit: my head got between two steps, and I again lost my senses. They let me down, and set me upon a large beam, which served for a seat in the great *Place de Capucins*. I sat upon it, and then no longer saw M. de Sortoville, nor his servants, though they were present. And perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat, as it were, to make room for him; and those who saw me, and whom I did not see, though my eyes were open, observed that motion."

The apparition then seized him by the arm, led him into a by-lane, and conversed with him for about three quarters of an hour, informing him of all the particulars of his death. This species of conversation was frequently repeated, while his spiritual companion was invisible to every one, but himself. Dr. F. attributing the whole to spectral illusion, assures us that the approach of syncope is often thus accompanied with watching, and the gradual concoction of a ghost. The appearance of poor Desfontaines, however, was only a half-length, as this mode of halving themselves was very common among ghosts, about that period. We are informed of two old ladies, who were inhabitants of ancient castles, comparing notes respecting their different residences, one of them averring her's to be haunted by the upper part of a human figure, which explained to the other why her mansion was visited only by the lower half. There is, in addition to the variety of spectres and semi-goblins, which Dr. F. has served up, a species of intrusive ghosts, pushing themselves into company, without a meaning or a shadow of excuse. A modern poet, not in the least subject to superstition, though he

possess a pretty powerful command over the world of spirits, accompanied by a friend, went to regale one evening at an oyster-house in Edinburgh. They were shown into a small room, by themselves, and sat down to table. A stranger then walked in, whom neither of them knew; and, from his manners, they suspected nothing of the truth, as he neither swallowed the oyster-shells, nor frightened the waiter out of his wits. In a moment he disappeared, more rapidly than they well knew how—but far from the waiter complaining he had been bilked, on going into the next room to inquire after their strange guest they were assured that they had remained alone during the whole time they were within, and no one had passed

through that room, which afforded the only access to their own.

A young man, a writer in India, was surprised by the apparition of his mother, whom he had left in England, bathed in tears. He supposes this to be an intimation of his father's death; communicates what he had seen to a friend, who, thinking to give him a lesson against credulity, desires him to make an entry of the circumstances in his pocket-book. His good intentions are disappointed by the verification of the vision. As we think this last must set the question at rest for ever, we shall haunt our readers no more at present, observing, that we think many suffer from these imaginary visitants, who are ashamed to confess it to the world.

**'PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.**

It has been questioned amongst the learned, whether there be such things (or nothings) as **ghosts**; but whether or not, and leaving this argument to the curious, the following may be relied upon as an instance of extraordinary presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranbourne, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berks, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and, looking up, she saw at her bed foot the appearance of a Skeleton (which she verily believed was her Husband,) nodding and talking to her upon its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. Whereupon she was so terrified, that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not, for her tongue clave to her mouth, she fell backward as in a swoon; yet not so insensible

withal but she could see that at this the Figure became agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but upon her appearance of loathing it desisted, only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech. At length, she growing more and more faint, and likely to die of fear, the Spectre suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand, which was loose at the wrist, with a brisk motion, and the finger bones being long and hard, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise, like to the springing of a watchman's rattle. At which alarm, the neighbours running in, stoutly armed, as against thieves or murderers, the spectre suddenly departed.

*Hist. Berks, vol. xxv. p. 976.*

## "TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

### THIRD SERIES.

From the Literary Gazette.

**T**HE third, and we are assured in a postscript, the last series of these popular tales, has just appeared, and consists of two novels founded on legendary history, viz. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, occupying two volumes and a half, and *Montrose*, which fills the latter moiety of the third, and the whole of the fourth volume. The author, on taking leave, assumes that he has exhibited sufficient varieties of the Scottish character to exhaust one individual's observation, though a large harvest yet remains behind for other labourers capable of gathering it in. He who penned this proposition is undoubtedly the best judge of the extent of his own powers, and it may be that he has arrived nearer the lees of his invention than is intimated by his writings (saving, indeed, that the tales now before us are less illustrative of national character and Scotch peculiarities than any of those which preceded them;) but we entirely doubt the fact that there exists persons competent to take up the sickle which he abandons, and finish reaping that field which he has *shorn* and *banded* with so much spirit and success.

To each of the new tales there is a preface, of the description almost peculiar to the author, and shewing that he is not less competent to the amusing delineation of modern manners and circum-

stances, than to the faithful portraiture of men and customs belonging to elder times. But as we may not, perhaps, be able conveniently to compress a review of both these essays within the bounds of one of our Numbers, we shall, in the first instance, take up the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and the sketch which introduces her to our acquaintance.

It is extraordinary, that in directing attention to a work from so justly celebrated a hand, we should stumble on the very threshold; but we cannot avoid remarking, that the name is incongruous and the first sentence ungrammatical. The substitution of *moor* for *muir* may be defended; but we are afraid that the second offence is only one proof among many, that considerable haste and carelessness have accompanied the preparation of these volumes. Sorry, sorry should we be if a graver excuse might be urged; but if general opinion points rightly to the author, it is too true that the plea of ill health and painful suffering may be received as the apology for the general declension of vigour as well as for any slight errors which have escaped correction in revising the press for the public eye. The passage which has occasioned these strictures is as follows, and worthy of quotation for the matter it states.

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that *they* [it] will ever become public during the life of *their* [the] author.

The story of Dick Tinto, an artist, is then told as a justification of the writer's wish to remain incognito, rather than to become one of the *Lions* of a metropolitan winter. Dick, it seems was more ambitious of personal distinction, and after painting signs and portraits at Ganderaleugh, went to Edinburgh and London in pursuit of "the bubble reputation."

He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and in tracing his progress it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the licence allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum, and I am ready to depone upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is represented, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

This is fine and playful irony both in style and thought; nor is there any part of the poor Artist's memoirs which is not happily touched.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent. - - - Here

He threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset House, and damned the hanging Committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. - - - He was for a time patronised by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the same principle on which a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been douned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the Morning Post noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement that announced that Mr. Varnish, the well-known print-seller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry who might wish to complete their collections of modern art were invited to visit without delay.

But we have allowed this clever episode to divert us too long from the main story, which is given out as being woven from MS. notes of Tinto's, who was interested by the tradition while taking views of Ravenswood Castle in East Lothian, the scene of the fatal drama of the Bride of Lammermoor.

The family of the Lords of Ravenswood had gradually sunk into decay during the agitated times which preceded the Union, and the last Lord, Allan, from being a high feudal baron was attainted, and his estates fell a prey to the legal subtleties of the Lord Keeper, Sir W. Ashton, who became possessor of Ravenswood Castle, while the fallen house found a wild refuge in the Wolf's Crag, a fortalice on a rock overhanging

the sea not far from Berwick. At this point the novel commences. Allan dies in the wretched retreat of Wolf's Crag, and is grandly buried by his only son, Edgar, called, by courtesy, the Master of Ravenswood, who expends the amount of two years of his slender income on this ceremony. An occurrence takes place at the funeral, which inflames the feud between the Ashtons and the Ravenswoods to the highest pitch. The latter being Tories observe the High-Church rites, which are interrupted by the Whigs, to which faction the former belong, under a warrant signed by Sir W. Ashton, as the nearest Privy Counsellor; the mourners, however, resist this authority; the corpse is deposited in the earth, amid a circle of drawn swords, and young Ravenswood loudly vows eternal hatred and revenge against the vile spoilers of his father's fortune, the profane intruders upon his burial rites.

Sir W. Ashton's family consists of Lady Ashton, a Douglas of immeasurable ambition and violent passions; two sons, Colonel Ashton, and a boy, Henry; and one daughter, Lucy, a soft and rather romantic girl, the heroine of the tale. Young Ravenswood, on the eve of quitting Scotland for the exiled court at St. Germain's, through the persuasions of a worthless and cowardly sycophant, called Craigenfelt, and a spendthrift but brave and good humoured profligate, Hayston, laird of Bucklaw, is tempted by the former, in the hope of a fatal issue, to leave his personal maledictions with the Lord Keeper. The malignant view is disappointed, and instead of cursing the Ashtons, Edgar is made the providential instrument of saving both father and daughter from the mortal attack of a wild bull, an animal then kept, as now at Lord Tankerville's, in many gentlemen's Parks. An attachment between the young people springs out of this adventure, and the Lord Keeper discovers that it is his interest rather to encourage than oppose the match. His imperious Lady being absent, affairs go on in an even current for some time, in spite of portents and prophecies, which bode nothing but horrors, from the indication of

attachment between a Ravenswood and an Ashton. The principal personages who figure in these superstitious inferences, are Caleb Balderstone, an old and the last domestic at Wolf's Crag; Alice Gray, a decayed and blind retainer of the Ravenswoods; and Ailsie Gourlay, Annie Winnie, and a third demi-witch, ancient villagers, who make philters, tell fortunes, and attend to lay out the dead, &c. Caleb is the character drawn most at length, and most originally. Wolf's Crag is in absolute desolation; but when visitors come, he lies, like a Scapin, through thick and thin, to make all appear a land flowing with milk and honey, for the honour of the family. His fidelity is boundless, and his invention in the way we have alluded to, equally unlimited. Perhaps his shifts are carried beyond the verge of probability, but they are extremely amusing, even when he steals two wild ducks roasting at the Cooper's fire, in order to furnish his master and his guests a supper; and when he pretends to burn the house to avoid a visit from the Marquis of A—, for whose presence he is unprovided. Blind Alice is a more mysterious being, and her ghost actually appears to Ravenswood after her death. The three witches are such crones as might be expected from the accurate and vigorous pen of this incomparable author—they croak of evil, they enjoy the calamities of others, they are discontented, envious, malicious, fiend-like. Ailsie Gourlay is one of Lady Ashton's tools in breaking Lucy's engagement with Ravenswood, and marrying her to Bucklaw, who has succeeded to the large property of his aunt, Lady Girnington; and in this, we doubt, is raised rather out of her pauper sphere to answer the purposes of the plot. It is when "the Master" is on the eve of setting out to visit Sir W. Ashton and his daughter at Ravenswood, that the trembling Caleb mutters out the prophecy to deter his much-loved chief:—

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood  
shall ride,  
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,  
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,  
And his name shall be lost for evermore.

The Kelpie's flow is a quicksand not far from Wolf's Crag; but as Lucy is alive, and her lover has no intention of stabl'ing his steed in that way, he proceeds fearless of this Meg Merrilies-like prediction. Nor is it fulfilled till after many adventures, and the falling in of other sinister omens, and the utterance of other fatal warnings.

In the end, Lucy being wrought upon to forfeit her pledge to Ravenswood, is married to Bucklaw, whom she stabs in a fit of insanity on their wedding night; and dies on the ensuing day but one. Ravenswood, unbidden, attends her funeral, and is challenged by her brother, Colonel Ashton; going to meet whom on the following morning, he rides upon the fatal Kelpie's flow, and the man and horse are swallowed up never to be seen more. Bucklaw recovers and reforms; Colonel Ashton is killed in Flanders; the politic father dies soon after, and his son Henry also terminates his life unmarried, leaving the selfish and cruel Lady Ashton to a desolate and miserable old age.

Such are the rude outlines of *The Bride of Lammermoor*; from which it will be seen, that not merely the superstitious but the supernatural has been resorted to in order to increase the interest, and not only the characteristic but the exaggerated, in order to produce a comic relief. In both these points there is an injurious departure from the original novels, at least in quantum, and the actual apparition of Alice, and prophecies of Ailsie Gourlay, as far out-strip in possibility the astrology of *Mannering* and gipsy rhymes of *Meg Merrilies*, as the farcical tricks and impostures of Caleb exceed the natural markings of the faithful housekeeper in *Old Mortality*, to whom he bears a general resemblance. Further we may observe, that the incidents altogether border more upon the improbable than the better contrived circumstances in preceding publications. But there is still the same admirable drawing and keeping in the *dramatis personæ*. Not only has the author exquisitely portrayed among his principals the temporising, undecided, timorous, and intriguing Sir

W. Ashton, whose cunning digs its own pit; the haughty, unfeeling, vindictive temper of his Lady; the struggling between hereditary revenge and new-born love in Ravenswood; the mingled nature and romance, passiveness and desperations of Lucy; the rude honour and profligate debasement of Bucklaw; the sacrifice-despising attachment of Caleb;—but the inferior agents are all touched with the skill of a master. Girder the cooper, with his wife and mother-in-law, Craigenfelt the sycophant, Colonel and Henry Ashton, Mortsheugh the fiddling grave-digger, Lord Turntippet, Norman the forester, and all the “noticeable” villagers of Wolf's Hope, are drawn with the finest tact. These are the representatives of their respective genera, and so long as human nature continues, the truth of their delineation will be felt and acknowledged. But lest we tire our readers with our own notions rather than amuse them by following our usage of laying specimens of the work which we review before them, we, to use a favourite phrase of the author's, “postpone” all further parlance, and proceed to extract a few passages from the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

The first approach of Ravenswood with a stranger guest, Bucklaw, to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, affords a fair example of the shifts to which Caleb is often afterwards obliged to resort for the dignity of that ruined establishment. The master had knocked so loudly, that he might have roused the seven sleepers, and with much difficulty procured admission—

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin grey hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. “Is it you, dear master? is it yourself indeed?” exclaimed the old domestic. “I am wae ye sut! hae stude waiting at your ain gate, but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye

saec sune, and a strange gentleman with a--- (here he exclaimed apart as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court)---Mysie---Mysie, woman, stir for dear life and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.---I doubt we are but poorly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheles."-----

"Natheles, Caleb," said the Master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord!--I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig's leave---Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles!---(Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen)---Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint.---No to say its our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw, "but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until,---that is, no to flee, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folks think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

"O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir---ay, sir---unquestionably, sir,---my lord and ony of his honourable companions"-----

"But our horses, my old friend---our horses they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True---ay---your horses---yes---I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,---"John---William---Samuel!---The lads are gane out, or sleeping," he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. "A' gaes wrang when the Master's out by; but I'll take care o'er your cattle my-ell."

"I think you had better," said Ravenswood, "otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all."

"Whisht, my lord,---whisht, for God's sake," said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; "if ye diuna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night o't, wi' a' the lies I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master; "go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;" this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a low-

er tone, "there was some half fous o' aits, and some tait's o' meadow-hay left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will shew the stranger up stairs myself."

"I canna think o' that, my lord;---if ye wad but have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your Lordship and ye ur honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit"-----

"It will do very well in the meantime," said Ravenswood, "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way up stairs, "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means."

The result of this droll scene is if possible, more ludicrous than its opening; but we must shorten it for an extract of a more solemn kind. Ravenswood, insultingly driven from his forefather's ancient mansion by Lady Ashton, rides furiously towards the Mermaiden's well, a place reported fatal to his house, where he had interchanged vows with Lucy. As he approached the solitary fountain---

His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure, dressed in a white, or rather greyish mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was, that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, "Miss Ashton!---Lucy!"

The figure turned as he addressed it, and displayed to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman---the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be---above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found at a distance from her habitation

(considerable if her infirmities be taken into account,) combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached, she arose from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lip moved fast, although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped; and as, after a moment's pause, he again advanced towards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight; and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated; but neither was there pressure of the grass, nor any other circumstance, to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently however looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would re-appear. But the apparition, whether it was real, or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear, with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation.

To satisfy his mind, he rides on to Alice's cottage.

Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant, and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard from within the sob and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last retainer of the house or Ravenswood, who still abode on their paternal domains. Life has but shortly departed; and the little girl by whom she had been attended in her last moments was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that "he had come too late." Upon enquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent: the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the reti-

nue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body; and, to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shuddering, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

The girl is sent to the village for the needful assistance, and Ravenswood gives way to many melancholy reflections.

He was relieved, however, from his sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, from the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women, who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of those reverend sybils would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniment of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast, or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straighten the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or headle, who had in charge the deserted church-yard of the armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sybil, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile--- "he dwells near the Tod's-hole, an house of entertainment where there has been mony

the birling---for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to ane anither."

"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not---he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out with his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonnie bouk of man's body."

It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sybil. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southern-wood, rue, and other plants proper to be strowed upon the body, and burned by way of exorcism in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or hends might play their sport with it.

The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:--- "That's a fresh and fullgrown hemlock, Annie Winnie---mony a cummer lang syne we hae sought nae better horse to fleo ower hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France's cellar."

"Ay, cummer! but the very de'il has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whinstane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinny-winkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gi'e me amends o' them."

"Did ye ever see the foul thief?" asked her neighbour.

"Na?" replied the other spokeswoman; "but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for't. But ne'er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master's, and we'll send down for bread and for aill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle salt sugar---and be there de'il, or nae de'il, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't."

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

"He is a frank man, and a free-barded man, the Master," said Annie Winnie, "and a comely personage---broad in the shoulders, and narrow around the lunkies---he wad mak a bonnie corpse---I wad like to hae the streaking and winding o' him."

"It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," returned the octogenarian, her companion, "that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straught him---dead-deal will never be laid to his back---make you your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand."

"Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gourlay?---Will he die

by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae done before him mony ane o' them?"

"Ask nae mair questions about it---he'll no be graced sae far," replied the sage.

"I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay---But wha tell'd ye this?"

"Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie," answered the sybil---"I hae it frae a hand sure aneugh."

"But ye said ye never saw the foul thief," reiterated her inquisitive companion.

"I hae it frae as sure a hand," said Ailsie, "and from them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head."

"Hark! I hear his horse's feet riding off," said the other; "they dinna sound as if good luck was wi' them."

"Mak haste, sirs," cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, "and let us do what is needfu', and say what is fitting; for, if the dead corpse binna straughted, it will girn and thrav, and that will fear the best of us."

Though we have gone to such length, we must copy the description of the bridal evening. Lady Ashton had led the first dance and sat down---

She was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played the loudest strains---the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been entrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir Wilham and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupefied amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer, except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition, from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother, "Search for her---she has murdered him!" drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman, and the medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was

raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

In the mean while, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather crouched like a hare upon its form---her head-gear dishevelled; her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood,---her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only arti-

culate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation,---“ So, you have ta'en up your bonnie bridegroom?” She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents---the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle---the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpass description.

It is not in the compass of our present number to discuss the Legend of Montrose, which we confess has our preference before the tale we have analysed. However, we purpose discharging our duty to that production, and in the mean time have selected the three original poems which are introduced into it, to grace our Poetical department.

## THE ABBOT.

*By the Author of "Waverley." 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1820.*

From the *Literary Gazette*, Sept. 1820.

ASSUMING that Sir Walter Scott is responsible for all the effects of these remarkable productions, it seems to us that he has come under a heavy responsibility, which however, as far as we know, has not yet been pressed upon his conscience. We do not accuse him of having thrown a heavy shade over the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett—The two latter, at least, will again re-assert their rights, though for a while obscured by novelty and predominating talent, and ever present a distinguished niche in the temple of genius: but what shall we say of Sir Walter! his destruction, and almost total extirpation of a whole class of persons—the class of modern and (till he appeared) *living* novellists? Justice demands of him that he endow a hospital for those whom he has reduced to distress and beggary; and we trust, that speedy accounts from Scotland may announce to us that the foundation stone has been laid of this charity, somewhere near, or upon the ruins of Kennaquhair. Sure we are that Sir Walter's humanity would prompt him to this beneficent design, were a tythe known to him of the wretchedness of which he has been the occasion, and of which *We* are the constant witnesses. Not to mention the baffled hopes of boarding-school girls of becoming authoresses, and revelling in all the luxuries of woes and loves of their own invention; not to mention the mortal sickness of Minerva at her especial press; not to mention the fastidi-

ousness with which publishers now eye the budding flowers of young genius, nor the clipping of every Icarus's wing, without allowing the chance of a flight; not to mention the millions of sheets, which he has caused a wet blanket to be thrown over—the literary pangs, the disappointments, which the engrossing of the public mind has caused—there are at this moment, to our certain knowledge, forty-seven most ingenious and respectable Hack-writers reduced to absolute want by his merciless and overwhelming ambition. These he is in reason bound to provide for; and as they were each equal to the furnishing of two novels or romances per annum, at the respective prices of 10*l.* and 15*l.* he will see (10 and 15 are 25: 25 times 47—1175) that even to begin with, the hospital ought to have a revenue of 1175*l.* a year. But we dare say our readers would rather have something of the Abbot, than our suggestions: they shall be gratified; but we hope that the philanthropy of our motives, and the necessity of doing something promptly for a very oppressed order of our fellow creatures, would excuse a much longer digression than that which we have indulged.

A very short introductory epistle to Capt. Clutterbuck, alludes to the little encouragement which public taste now gives to those legendary superstitions, which formed alternately the delight and the terror of our predecessors. This being acknowledged, we proceed

to the tale without fear of meeting any of the inconsistencies which (in our judgment) detracted from the merits of the *White Maid of Avenel*; and are the more pleased as on opening the page we discover that some of the personages of the *Monastery* renew their existence here.

The work commences with a description of the married state of Sir Halbert Glendinning and the Lady of Avenel at the end of ten years from the period of their union. They have no children, and during the frequent absences of the knight from his *Lake Castle*, in consequence of his intimate connection with the regent Murray, and active interference with the politics of these troubled times, his wife leads but a dull life among her domestics, and with Warden the reformed preacher. An accident relieves the monotony. Roland Græme, a boy about ten years of age, is rescued from drowning, and dragged to the castle by a noble dog called Wolf. Having obtained the consent of his grandmother, and only relative, the lady adopts Roland for her page, and he becomes a spoiled favourite, with all the faults which indulgence creates, but still of a superior nature. His grandmother, Magdalen Græme, is a powerfully drawn character—a Meg Merilies of a higher order. She is a devoted Catholic, and Roland in secret cherished the faith of that church amid his Huguenot associates, Edward Glendinning (now Father Ambrose, and in the course of the first volume, last Abbot of Kennaquhair) strengthening his mind in that persuasion. The Græmes perform too important a part in the tale to be only thus generally introduced; and we therefore select a few passages, to unfold them more distinctly. Lady Avenel is walking on the battlements, and reflecting in a melancholy mood on the extinction of her name and race:—

“She sighed as these reflections arose, and looking toward the shore of the lake, her eye was attracted by a groupe of children of various ages, assembled to see a little ship constructed by some village artist, perform its first voyage on the water. It was launched

amid the shouts of tiny voices and the clapping of little hands, and shot bravely on its voyage with a favouring wind, which promised to carry it to the other side of the lake. Some of the bigger boys ran round to receive and secure it on the farther shore, trying their speed against each other as they sprang like young fawns along the shingly verge of the lake. The rest, for whom such a journey seemed too arduous, remained watching the motions of the fairy vessel from the spot where it had been launched. The sight of their sports pressed on the mind of the childless Lady Avenel.

“‘Why are none of these prattlers mine!’ she continued, pursuing the tenor of her melancholy reflections. ‘Their parents can scarce find them in the coarsest food—and I, who could nurse them in plenty, I am doomed never to hear a child call me mother!’

“The thought sunk on her heart with a bitterness which resembled envy, so deeply is the desire of offspring implanted in the female breast. She pressed her hands together as if she was wringing them in the extremity of her desolate feeling, as one whom heaven had written childless. A large stag-hound of the grey-hound species, approached at this moment, and, attracted perhaps by the gesture, licked her hands and pressed his large head against them. He obtained the desired caress in return, but still the sad impression remained.

“‘Wolf,’ she said, as if the animal could have understood her complaints, ‘thou art a noble and beautiful animal; but alas! the love and affection that I long to bestow, is of a quality higher than can fall to thy share, though I love thee much.’

“And as if she were apologizing to Wolf for withholding from him any part of her regard, she caressed his proud head and crest, while looking in her eyes, he seemed to ask her what she wanted, or what he could do to show his attachment. At this moment a shriek of distress was heard on the shore, from the playful group which had lately been so jovial. The lady looked and saw the cause with great anxiety.

“ The little ship, the object of the children’s delighted attention, had struck among some tufts of the plant which bears the water-lily, that marked a little shoal in the lake about an arrow-flight from the shore. A hardy little boy, who had taken the lead in the race round the margin of the lake, did not hesitate a moment to strip off his *wylie-coat*, plunge into the water, and swim towards the object of their common solicitude. The first movement of the Lady was to call for help; but she observed that the boy swam strongly and fearlessly, and as she saw that one or two villagers, who were distant spectators of the incident, seemed to give themselves no uneasiness on his account, she supposed that he was accustomed to the exercise, and that there was no danger. But whether, in swimming, the boy had struck his breast against a sunken rock, or whether he was suddenly taken with the cramp, or whether he had over-calculated his own strength, it so happened that when he had disembarrassed the little plaything from the flags in which it was entangled and sent it forward on its course, he had scarce swam a few yards in his way to the shore, than he raised himself suddenly from the water and screamed aloud, clapping his hands at the same time with an expression of fear and pain.

“ The Lady of Avenel instantly taking the alarm, called hastily to the attendants to get the boat ready. But this was an affair of some time. The only boat permitted to be used on the lake was moored within the second cut which intersected the canal, and it was several minutes before it could be unmoored and got under way. Meantime the Lady of Avenel with agonizing anxiety, saw that the efforts which the poor boy made to keep himself afloat, were now exchanged for a faint struggling, which would soon have been over, but for aid equally prompt and unhopèd for. Wolf, who, like some of that large species of grey-hound, was a practised water dog, had marked the object of their anxiety, and, quitting his mistress’s side, had sought the near-

est point from which he could with safety plunge into the lake. With the wonderful instinct which these noble animals have so often displayed in the like circumstances, he swam straight to the spot where his assistance was so much wanted, and seizing the child’s under-dress in his mouth, he not only kept him afloat, but towed him towards the causeway. The boat having put off with a couple of men, met the dog half way, and relieved him of his burthen. They landed on the causeway close by the entrance to the castle, with their yet lifeless burthen, and were met at the entrance of the gate by the Lady of Avenel, attended by one or two of her maidens, eagerly waiting to administer assistance to the sufferer.

“ He was borne into the castle, deposited upon a bed, and every mode of recovery resorted to which the knowledge of the times, and the skill of Henry Warden, who professed some medical knowledge, could dictate. For some time it was all in vain, and the Lady watched with unspeakable earnestness the pallid countenance of the beautiful child. He seemed about ten years old. His dress was of the meanest sort, but his long curled hair, and the noble cast of his features, partook not of that poverty of appearance. The proudest noble in Scotland might have been yet prouder could he have called that child his heir. While, with breathless anxiety, the Lady of Avenel gazed on the well-formed and expressive features, a slight shade of colour returned gradually to his cheek; suspended animation became restored by degrees, the child sighed deeply, opened his eyes, which to the human countenance, produces the effect of light upon the natural landscape, stretched his arms towards the Lady and muttered the word ‘mother,’ that epithet, of all others, which is dearest to the female ear.

“ ‘ God, madam,’ said the preacher, ‘ has restored the child to your wishes; it must be yours so to bring him up, that he may not one day wish that he had perished in his innocence.’

“ ‘ It shall be my charge,’ said the lady; and again throwing her arm a-

round the boy, she overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, so much was she agitated by the terror arising from the danger in which he had been just placed, and by joy at his unexpected deliverance.

“ ‘But you are not my mother,’ said the boy, collecting his recollection, and endeavouring, though faintly, to escape from the caresses of the Lady of Avenel; ‘you are not my mother—alas! I have no mother—only I have dreamt that I had one.’

“ ‘I will read the dream for you, my love,’ answered the Lady of Avenel; ‘and I will be myself your mother. Surely God has heard my wishes, and in his own marvellous manner, hath sent me an object on which my affections may expand themselves?’ She looked towards Warden as she spoke. The preacher hesitated what he should reply to a burst of passionate feeling, which perhaps seemed to him more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded. In the meanwhile, the large stag-hound, Wolf, which, dropping wet as he was, had followed his mistress into the apartment, and had sat by the bed-side a patient and quiet spectator of all the means used for the resurrection of the being whom he had preserved, now became impatient of remaining any longer unnoticed, and began to whine and fawn upon the Lady with his great rough paws.

“ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘good Wolf, and you shall be remembered also for your day’s work; and I will think the more of you for having preserved the life of a creature so beautiful.’ ”

Warden condemns this so sudden, and violent affection; but when—

“He left the apartment, the Lady of Avenel gave way to the feelings of tenderness, which the sight of the boy, his sudden danger, and his recent escape, had inspired; and no longer awed by the sternness, as she deemed it, of the preacher, heaped with caresses the lovely and interesting child. He was now, in some measure, recovered from the consequences of his accident, and received passively, though not without wonder, the tokens of kindness with

which he was thus loaded. The face of the lady was strange to him, and her dress different and far more sumptuous than any he remembered. But the boy was naturally of an undaunted temper; and indeed children are generally acute physiognomists, and not only pleased by that which is beautiful in itself, but peculiarly acute in distinguishing and replying to the attentions of those who really love them. If they see a person in company, though a perfect stranger, who is by nature, fond of children, the little imps seem to discover it by a sort of free-masonry, while the awkward attempts of those who make advances to them for the purpose of recommending themselves to the parents usually fail in attracting their reciprocal attention. The little boy, therefore, appeared in some degree sensible of the lady’s caresses, and it was with difficulty she withdrew herself from his pillow, to afford him leisure for necessary repose.

“ ‘To whom belongs our little rescued varlet?’ was the first question which the Lady of Avenel put to her hand-maiden Lilius, when they had retired to the hall.

“ ‘To an old woman in the hamlet,’ said Lilius, who is even now come so far as the porter’s lodge to enquire concerning his safety. Is it your pleasure that she be admitted? Is it my pleasure?’ said the Lady of Avenel, echoing the question with a strong accent of displeasure and surprise; ‘can you make any doubt of it? What woman but must pity the agony of the mother, whose heart is throbbing for the safety of a child so lovely!’ ‘Nay, but madam,’ said Lilius, ‘this woman is too old to be the mother of the child; I rather think she must be his grandmother, or some more distant relation.’

“ ‘Be she who she will, Lilius,’ replied the Lady, ‘she must have a sore heart while the safety of a creature so lovely is uncertain. Go instantly and bring her hither. Besides, I would willingly learn something concerning his birth.’

“Lilius left the hall, and presently afterwards returned, ushering in a tall female very poorly dressed, yet with

more pretension to decency and cleanliness than was usually combined with such coarse garments."

She is asked her name :

" 'Magdalen Græme is my name,' said the woman ; ' I come of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicol forest, a people of ancient blood.'

" ' And what make you,' continued the lady, ' so far distant from your home ?'

" ' I have no home,' said Magdalen Græme, ' it was burnt by your Border-riders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop's blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine.'

" ' That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land,' said the lady ; ' the English hands have been as deeply dyed in our blood as ever those of Scotsmen have been in yours.'

" ' You have right to say it, lady,' answered Magdalen Græme ; ' for men tell of a time when this castle was not strong enough to save your father's life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge.—And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in my own home, and with my own people ?' ' It was indeed an idle question, where misery so often makes wanderers ; but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country ?' ' My neighbors were popish and mass-mongers,' said the old woman ; ' it has pleased heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who, to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity.' ' Are you poor ?' again demanded the Lady of Avenel. ' You hear me ask alms of no one,' answered the Englishwoman.

" Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disrespectful, at least much less than gracious, and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The Lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

" ' You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed ?' ' I

have, lady,' and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May Heaven make him thankful, and me !' ' What relation do you bear to him ?' ' I am his grandmother, lady, if it so please you ; the only relation he has left upon earth to take charge of him.' ' The burthen of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation,' pursued the lady. ' I have complained of it to no one,' said Magdalen Græme, with the same unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice in which she had answered all the former questions.

" ' If,' said the Lady of Avenel, ' your grandchild could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you ?' ' Received into a noble family !' said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity ; ' and for what purpose, I pray you ?—to be my lady's page, or my lord's jackman, to eat broken victuals, and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master's meal ? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady's face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids ?—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman ? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanecost, and turns and changes to shew how the wind sits, Roland Græme shall be what you would make him.'

" The woman spoke with a rapidity and a vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity ; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady's desire to keep him in the castle if possible.

“‘You mistake me, dame,’ she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; ‘I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning.’”

“‘Aye,’ answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony, ‘I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn; to be beaten because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for his master’s bidding, in the blood alike of beast and man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer, a murderer and defacer of God’s own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian and common stabber,—exposed to heat, to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an anchorite, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched.’”

“‘Nay,’ said the Lady of Avenel, ‘but to such unhallowed course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner: and you yourself well know, that youth have here a strict as well as a good preceptor in the person of our chaplain.’”

“The old woman appeared to pause.

“‘You have named,’ she said, ‘the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same spot—I must on—I must on, it is my weird. Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instructions of the

godly man who hath placed the gospel truth high above these idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars.’ Be satisfied, dame,” said the Lady of Avenel; ‘the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?’ ‘No,’ answered the old woman sternly; ‘to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one that is not called to a duty.’”

Roland’s pride, impetuosity, presumption and tyranny over the rest of the household cause the servants to conspire against him, and their arts ultimately produced their desired effect, and the insolent Roland was dismissed by his partial lady. He quits the castle indignantly, after a fine scene with his mistress, which, like the rest of this captivating book, is so natural as to put the idea of invention entirely out of the readers’ heads, and they go on as if every syllable were truth, and every circumstance real. This indeed is the acme of art; to have nothing that deviates from common life, and yet the charm of the most extraordinary adventures.

Poor Roland wanders abroad. He meets a peasant, whose ingratitude stings him; and he meets the honest falconer, who forces a loan upon his quondam adversary.

His first night’s lodging is taken at St. Cuthbert’s cell; where we have a fine picture of the sacrilegious outrages committed by the early Reformers.

After a highly-wrought dialogue, in which the deep devotee in grandly contrasted with the giddy page, and fanaticism is relieved by the latent and strongest feelings of human affections, and the buoyant, though momentarily, depressed spirits of youth, Magdalen consecrates her grandson, in blind obedience to some great and secret service of Rome.

“As she spoke she bent her head towards the broken image, with a countenance in which strong resentment and zeal were mingled with an expression of ecstatic devotion; she raised her left hand aloft as in the act of making a vow,

and thus proceeded: 'Bear witness for me, holy saint, within whose violated temple we stand, that as it is not for vengeance of my own that my hate pursues these people, so neither for any favour or earthly affection towards any amongst them, will I withdraw my hand from the plough, when it shall pass over the devoted furrow! Bear witness, holy saint, once thyself a wanderer and fugitive as we are now—bear witness, Mother of Mercy, Queen of Heaven—bear witness, saints, and angels!'

"In this high strain of enthusiasm, she stood, raising her eyes through the fractured roof of the vault, to the stars which now began to twinkle through the pale twilight, while the long grey tresses which hung down over her shoulders waved in the night breeze, which the chasm and fractured windows admitted freely."

Roland is rather silent than consenting, for he is too headstrong to surrender his actions to any dictation.

After a night passed among the ruins of St. Cuthbert's cell, its inmates journey to a dilapidated house or convent, occupied by an ex-abbess of the family of Seyton, and an ex-novice of the same noble race. The heroine is drawn with the touch of a Titian. On Roland's entry with the two elderly matrons, glancing her eyes towards him, "she adjusted a veil which hung back over her shoulders, so as to bring it over her face; an operation which she performed with much modesty, but without either affected haste or embarrassed timidity.

"During this manœuvre Roland had time to observe, that the face was that of a girl not much past sixteen apparently, and that the eyes were at once soft and brilliant. To these very favorable observations was added the certainty, that the fair object to whom they referred possessed an excellent shape, bordering on *embonpoint*, and therefore rather that of a Hebe than that of a Sylph, but beautifully formed, and shewn to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat, which she wore after a foreign fashion, the last not quite

long enough absolutely to conceal a very pretty foot, which rested on a bar of the table at which she sate; her round arms and taper fingers were busily employed in repairing the piece of tapestry which was spread on it, which exhibited several deplorable fissures, enough to demand the utmost skill of the most expert seamstress.

"It is to be remarked, that it was by stolen glances that Roland Græme contrived to ascertain these interesting particulars; and he thought he could once or twice, notwithstanding the texture of the veil, detect the damsel in the act of taking similar cognisance of his own person. The matrons in the meanwhile continued their separate conversation, eyeing from time to time the young people, in a manner which left Roland in no doubt that they were the subject of their conversation. At length he distinctly heard Magdalen Græme say these words; 'Nay, my sister, we must give them opportunity to speak together, and to become acquainted; they must be personally known to each other.'"

The commencement of this acquaintance is delightfully playful; and it is with regret we are obliged to exclude it from our critique.

Our author now enters upon that sort of field, of which he is so skilful a reaper. Hitherto the tale has led us thro' the mazes of private life; it now links itself to history, and to that period of history, which is by far the most romantic and interesting in the annals of Scotland. The matchless skill with which he winds his thread of fiction with the melancholy fate of Mary Stuart, is truly admirable. We are so imposed upon by it, that we cannot divest ourselves of the reality: it seems as if the descriptions were penned, and the facts related by an eye-witness. Take, for example, one of the views of Edinburgh at that unsettled era:—The Regent's palace—

"It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groupes,—some radiant with gaiety,—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs concerning the state, or concerning

themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious, yet commanding look, his furred cloak and sable pantoufles ; there the soldier in buff and steel, his long sword jarring against the pavement, and his whiskered upper lip and frowning brow ; there again passed my lord's serving man, high of heart and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien—the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and probably his benefactors, out of the road—the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands—the robber-chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbours—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had himself received. Besides, there was the mustering and disposition of guards, and of soldiers—the dispatching of messengers, and the receiving of them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gate—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty.”

The portraits of Lyndesay and Ruthven, of Murray and Morton, are worthy of Vandyke ; nor is the limner less happy in the Lady of Lochmaben, the mother of the Regent, whose hatred of Mary is aggravated by her legitimate descent—a living reproach to her amour with James V.

But the highest effort is the character of Mary herself. After all that has been written upon that subject, it appears as fresh and original as if untouched by other hands, a powerful, natural, and exquisite performance.

The traits however are so blended with the greater portion of the book

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that it must be read to give an idea of their captivating nature. We shall only select what can be intelligibly separated. “ Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterise that remarkable countenance which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman.

“ Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name that has not her countenance before him familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age ? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of any thing rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin, the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other ; for amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time,

and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty; that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful office was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty."

Perhaps we cannot pourtray her better than by copying a passage of the audience given to the adverse Lords. Lord R. reads the deed of renunciation:

" 'And is this *all* my loving subjects require of me, my lord?' said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. 'Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birthright, to an infant, which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff—O no! it is too little for them to ask—that other roll of parchment contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petition of my lieges.'

" 'This parchment,' answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, 'is one by which your Grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honourable and trustworthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the Secret Council.'

"The Queen gave a sort of shriek, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Comes the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow? Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my readi-

est chance of deliverance. And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name.'

"I must pray your answer,' madam, said Lord Ruthven, 'to the demand of the Council!'

" 'The demand of the Council!' said the Queen; 'say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish mercy should long since have stood on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer.'

" 'I trust, madam,' said Ruthven, 'my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may well become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken-hearted.'

"The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavoured to conceal them.

" 'My lords,' said Sir Robert Melville, 'this is too much rigour. Under your lordships' favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones.' 'Sir Robert Melville,' said Ruthven, 'we best know for what purpose we were delegated hither, and wherefore you were somewhat unnecessarily sent to attend us.' 'Nay, by my hand,' said Lord Lyndesay, 'I know not why we were cumbered by the good knight, unless he comes in place of the lump of sugar which pothecars put into their wholesome but bitter medications, to please a forward child—a needless labour, methinks, where men have the means to make them swallow the physic otherwise.' 'Nay, my lords,' said Melville, 'you best know your own secret instructions. I conceive I shall best obey mine in striving

to mediate between her grace and you.' 'Be silent, Sir Robert Melville,' said the Queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke. 'My kerchief, Fleming—I shame, that traitors should have power to move me thus.—Tell me, proud lords,' she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, 'by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the head on which Divine warrant hath placed it?'

" 'Madam,' said Ruthven, 'I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkie-cleuch, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now, that ye stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, of one consent, made Scotland the battle field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man's hand has been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer, and therefore as a prince, to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm.' "

An incident connected with Roland's sword ultimately decides the Queen, and she signs the documents.

" 'My lords,' said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, 'the evils we cannot resist, we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet, and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me,—and you, my lords, beside me,—I have no freedom of

choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it.' 'It is our hope, your Grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehensions from us,' said the Lord Ruthven, 'to execute what must be your own voluntary deed.' The Queen had already stooped towards the table, and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. 'If,' said she, 'I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland, all once my own, in possession, or by right.'

" 'Beware, madam,' said Lindesay; and snatching hold of the Queen's arm with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion more closely perhaps than he was himself aware of,—'beware how you contend with those who are stronger, and have the mastery of your fate.' He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door as if to interfere. The rude Baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt, at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile. The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his grasp had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh. —'My lord,' she said, 'as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side, and are resolved to use it. But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's bu-

business is to rest. I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies,' she said, shewing the marks of the grasp on her arm, 'that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindesay, which you see imprinted on mine arm.' "

Young George Douglas, whose exploit in delivering the Queen from imprisonment is well known, is now introduced; and the plans of the limited court of Mary to escape, together with their doubts whether to trust Roland or treat him as an enemy, occupy a considerable space. Douglas's love and devotedness are as finely delineated as any other individual passions in the Abbot; praise beyond this, it would not be easy to bestow upon their treatment.

Roland somehow finds grace in the sight of the Lady of Lochmaben, and is sent on a business of hers to Kinross, on the main land. Here there is a fair, and gala day, into the sports of which he enters with youthful alacrity, under the auspices of a whimsical personage, the Douglas's chamberlain, Dr. Luke Lundin. But the most important matters connected with this mission, are his meeting once more with the supposed Catherine in disguise, and with the Abbot Ambrosius; and with Magdalen Græme, in the garb of a witch, and under the name of Mother Nicneven; in short, with the Queen's partizans devising means for her flight, and in intelligence with the castle through the means of George Douglas.

The fair and its shows are in the usual style of our able reviver of ancient manners; but we have quoted too much to be able to give what of our space we wish to description, and must briefly hurry on to the close. On returning to the island, Roland is locked out of the castle by Dryfesdale the steward, his enemy, and a fanatical villain. Obligated to lie all night in the garden, he accidentally defeats a plot for releasing the Queen, and George Douglas, thus betrayed, flies to the main land. Roland is now the last hope of Mary, whom the steward attempts to poison, but having purchased the drugs from Mother Nicneven, they prove to be innoxious. The catastrophe

hurries on. Dryfesdale is sent off by the Lady, and stabbed in a quarrel by Henry Seyton, the brother of Catherine. His letters lead to the formation of a better plan for the escape of the captive Queen, which is finally effected, chiefly through the instrumentality of Roland. The Queen is almost overcome as the hour approaches, and Catherine exclaims:—

" 'For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now.' 'Call upon Our Lady, my Liege,' said the Lady Fleming—'call upon your tutelar saint.' 'Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from,' exclaimed the page, 'in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints.' 'O! Roland Græme,' said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, 'to be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me, that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God, it had found me prepared!' 'Madam,' said Catherine Seyton, 'remember you are a queen. Better we all died, in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remained here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses.' 'You are right, Catherine,' said the Queen, 'and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful sentence.' "

But we are warned to wind up: Mary's evasion leads to the fatal battle in which her friends are defeated, and her flight into England. Young Seyton is slain, and so is George Douglas, in an affecting way, before the face of his much loved mistress. A melancholy interest is created by making this happen at the castle of Crookstone, where Mary passed her happy bridal days with Darnley. Roland is found to be the son of Julian Avenel and his wife, a

Græme (the child left by his dead parents in the field of strife, which concludes the Monastery), and of course the representative of the house of Avenel. A short addition informs us of his union with Catherine, who was compelled to leave her sovereign when her imprisonment in England was rendered more straight by the dissembling Elizabeth and her crafty counsellors. We can only subjoin the final exit of Magdalen.

“ Seizing Roland’s hand, she led him to the Queen’s feet, kneeling herself upon one knee, and causing him to kneel on both. ‘ Mighty princess,’ she said, ‘ look on this flower—it was found by a kindly stranger on a bloody field of battle, and long it was ere my anxious eyes saw, and my arms pressed all that was left of my only daughter. For your sake, and for that of the holy faith we both profess, I could leave this plant, while it was yet tender, to the nurture of strangers—ay, of enemies, to whom, perchance, his blood would have been as wine, had the heretic Glendinning known that he had in his house the heir of Julian Avenel.—Since then I have seen him only in a few hours of doubt and dread, and now I part with the child of my love—forever—forever. O for every weary step I have made in your rightful cause, in this and in foreign lands, give protection to the child whom I must no more call mine !’ ‘ I swear to you, mother,’ said the Queen, deeply affected, ‘ that, for your sake and his own, his happiness and fortunes shall be our charge !’ ‘ I thank you, daughter of princes,’ said Magdalen, and pressed her lips, first to the Queen’s hand, then to the brow of her

Grandson. ‘ And now,’ she said, drying her tears, and rising with dignity ; ‘ Earth has had its own, and Heaven claims the rest. Lioness of Scotland, go forth and conquer, and if the prayers of a devoted votaress can avail thee, they will rise in many a land, and from many a distant shrine. I will glide like a ghost from land to land, from temple to temple ; and where the very name of my country is unknown, the priests shall ask who is the Queen of that distant northern land, for whom the aged pilgrim was so fervent in prayer. Farewell, honour be thine, and earthly prosperity, if it be the will of God—if not, may the penance thou shalt do here, ensure thee happiness hereafter. Let no one speak or follow me—my resolution is taken—my vow cannot be cancelled.’ ”

“ She glided from their presence as she spoke, and her last look was upon her beloved grandchild.”

The battle tempts us to another extract, but we *must* forbear ; and we lay down our pen, grateful to the author for one of the most varied and noble banquets he has yet presented to an admiring public. Had we inclination, we have no room for criticism : but we may, we think, safely presume, that for what it evinces of insight into the springs of human action, wonderful skill in the delineation of character, and marvellous art in making a pleasing story, the vehicle for bringing into view a most interesting epoch of national history, with descriptions of the times, and moving pictures of ancient manners,—the Abbot will vie even with Waverley and Ivanhoe.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

As I pass'd by at eve where yon old hall  
Stands mid the moonlight, with its batter'd top  
Stream'd with woodbine—there I heard a groan.  
I oped the antient door, look'd in, and lo !  
There sat an old man sore subdued by age,  
In an old chair he sat, lean'd o'er a staff  
Cut by his school-boy knife, and polished bright  
By his hard palm. Nor did he look on me,  
But kept his grey eyes moveless on the ground  
Heart-sick and spirit-troubled. By his side  
Sat one of seventy years—a wither'd dame,  
And ever to his ear her lips she laid,  
Held her long, lean, and warning finger up,  
And mutter'd words which made the chill'd blood  
seek

To mount his faded brow : much seem'd he moved ;  
And ever her converse was of other years—  
The summer morn of life, and sunny days,  
Of dédés performed when that right arm of his,  
So sapless now, was flourishing and green.  
And on the other side, there I beheld  
An ancient man and holy. Forth in awe  
He spread his palms—his old knees in the dust  
Knelt ; and his brow, where the meek spirit sat  
Of pious resolution, low was stoop'd  
Even till the snowy forelocks found the floor.  
And as I gazed, his gifted spirit pour'd  
A supplication forth. The sick man shudder'd,  
Cast his gray eyes around on every side,  
Clench'd his weak hands, and agony within  
Sent the hot sweat-drops starting to his brow.  
And then he gave a groan, and sought to seek  
God's blessing, but his tongue spake not while he  
Pull'd o'er his sight his shaggy eye-brows down,  
Peered fearful in the dark and empty air,  
And look'd as he saw something.

**T**HE great road from England in  
former times skirted the firth of  
Solway, pursued its wild and extraor-  
dinary way through one of the deepest  
and most dangerous morasses in Scot-  
land, and emerging on the Caerlavery-  
rock side, conferred on the Kirk-gate

of the good town of Dumfries the rank  
and opulence of a chief street. Com-  
manding a view of the winding and  
beautiful river Nith on one side, and of  
the green stately hills of Tinwald and  
Torthorwold on the other, with their  
numerous villages and decaying castles,  
this street became the residence of the  
rich and the far-descended—number-  
ing among its people some of the most  
ancient and potent names of Nithsdale.  
The houses had in general something  
of a regal look—presenting a curious  
mixture of the Saxon and Grecian ar-  
chitecture, blending whimsically to-  
gether in one place, or kept separate  
in all their native purity in another ;  
while others of a different, but no less  
picturesque character towered up in  
peaked and ornamented Norman ma-  
jesty, with their narrow turret stairs  
and projecting casements. But I mean  
not to claim for the Kirkgate the ex-  
press name of a regular street. Fruit  
trees throwing their branches, loaded  
with the finest fruit, far into the way,  
and in other places antique porchways,  
shaded deep with yewtree, took away  
the reproach of “ eternal mortar and  
stone,” and gave the whole a retired  
and sylvan look. The presence of an  
old church, with its thick-piled grave  
stones, gave a gravity of deportment to  
the neighbourhood ; the awe inspired  
by a religious place was visible on the  
people. There was a seriousness  
mingled with their mirth—a reveren-

tial feeling poured through their legends and their ballads. Their laughter was not so loud, nor their joy so stormy, as that of men in less hallowed places. The maidens danced with something of a chastened step, and sang with a devotional grace. The strings of that merry instrument which bewitched the feet of the wisest men, when placed under the left ear of a Kirkgate musician, emitted sounds so perfectly in unison with devotion, that a gifted elder of the kirk was once known to sanction and honour it, by measuring a step or two to the joyous tune of "An' O to be married an' this be the way." Over the whole street, and far into the town, was breathed much of that meek, austere composure, which the genius of ancient sculptors has shed on their divine performances.

It was pleasant to behold the chief street of this ancient border town in its best days—those times of simplicity and virtue, as one of the town baillies, a barber by trade, remarked, when every woman went with a cushioned brow and curled locks, and all the men flourished in full bottomed wigs. But the demon who presides over the abasement of streets and cities entered into the empty place which the brain of a sheriff ought to have occupied, and the road was compelled to forsake the side of the Solway—the green fields of the Caerlaverock, and the ancient Kirkgate, and approach Dumfries through five miles of swamp, and along a dull, and muddy way, which all travellers have since learned to detest under the name of the Lochmabengate. From that hour the glory of the old chief street diminished. The giddy and the gay forsook a place, where the chariot of the stranger, with its accompaniment of running lacquies and mounted grooms, was no longer seen: and the ancient inhabitants saw with sorrow their numbers gradually lessening, and their favorite street hastening to decay. A new and a meaner race succeeded—the mansions of the Douglasses, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kirkpatricks, and the Herrieses, became the home of the labouring man and the mechanic. Tapestryed halls, and lordly rooms, were profaned by vulgar feet;

and for the sound of the cittern, and the rebeck, the dull din of the weaver's loom, and the jarring clamour of the smith's steel hammer abounded.

With this brief and imperfect notice we shall bid farewell to the ancient splendour of the Kirkgate—it is with its degenerate days that our story has intercourse; and the persons destined to move, and act, and suffer, in our authentic drama, are among the humblest of its inhabitants. The time too with which our narrative commences and terminates, is a season somewhat uncongenial for descriptive excursions. A ruinous street and a labouring people, on whom the last night of December is descending in angry winds and cold sleets and snows, present few attractions to dealers in genteel fictions, and few flowers, either natural or figurative, for embellishing a tale. With all these drawbacks we have one advantage, which a mind delighting in nature and truth will not willingly forego; the tale, humble and brief as it is, possesses truth beyond all power of impeachment, and follows conscientiously the traditional and accredited narrative without staying to array it and adorn it in those vain and gaudy embellishments with which fiction seeks to incumber a plain and simply story.

The night which brings in the new year to the good people of Dumfries, has long been a night of friendly meetings, and social gladness and carousal. The grave and the devout lay aside for the time the ordinary vesture of sanctity and religious observance; the sober and the self-denying revel among the good things of this life, with a fervour, perhaps augmented by previous penance; and even some of the shining lights of the Scottish kirk have been observed to let their splendour subside for the evening, that, like the sun, perhaps they might come forth from darkness with increase of glory. The matron suspends her thrift and arrays herself in her marriage mantle—the maiden and the bond-maiden, flaunt and smile side by side, in ribbons and scarfs, and snooded lovelocks, all arranged with a careful and a cunning hand, to assist merry blue or languishing black eyes in making mischief

among the hearts of men. Each house smells from floor to roof with the good things of this life—the hare caught in her twilight march through the cottager's kale-yard, or the wild duck shot by moonlight, while tasting the green herbage on some lonely stream bank—send up, stewed or roasted, a savour the more gladsome because it comes seldom ; while the flavour of smuggled gin and brandy is not the less acceptable, because the dangers of the deep sea and the terrors on shore of the armed revenue officers, were in the way of its gracing once a year the humble man's supper-board.

Amid the sound of mirth and revelry, and shining of lamps and candles in porch and window, there was one house covered with humble thatch, and of altogether a modest or rather mean exterior, which seemed not to sympathize in the joys of the evening. A small and lonely candle twinkled in a small and solitary window, and no sound proceeded from its door, save now and then the moving of the slow and aged feet of the mistress of this rude cottage. As the more roving and regardless youths passed the window, they were observed to lower their voices, regulate their steps, and smooth down their deportment to something approaching to devotional. Within the window sat one who, ungracious in the outward man, and coarse in his apparel, and owner only of a bedstead and couch, and a few controversial books, was nevertheless a man of note in those days when things external were of little note in the eyes of a presbyterian minister. Indeed, had one of the present generation glanced his eye through the coarse green glass of the low browed window, and seen an old man, whose silver hairs were half concealed by a night cap, not over pure ; whose bent shoulders bore a plaid of homely chequered gray, fastened on the bosom with a wooden scower—while over his knees lay a large old Bible clasped with iron, on which his eyes were cast with a searching and a serious glance—our youth of Saxon broadcloth and French ruffles would have thought of something much more humble than the chief elder of the old kirk

of Dumfries. It was indeed no other than William Warpentree, one of the burning and shining lights of the ancient of days, when serious prayers, and something of a shrewd and proverbial cast of worldly counsel, were not the less esteemed that they pertained to a humble weaver. His consequence, even in this lowly situation, was felt far and wide ; of the fair webs which came from the devout man's looms, let the long linsey-woolsey garments of the matrons of Dumfries even at this day bear witness—garments which surpass silk in beauty, while many a blythesome bridal and sorrowful burial bore token, in their fine linen vestments, of the skill of William's right hand. Indeed, it was one of the good man's own practical proverbs, that there was more vanity in the bier than the bridal. Though sufficiently conscious of those gifts, he wished them to be forgotten in the sedate and austere elder of the kirk ; and long before the time of our tale he had become distinguished for the severity of his discipline, and his gifts in kirk controversy.

But the influence of ancient times of relaxation and joy, of which he had been a partaker in his youth, had not wholly ceased ; and an observer of human nature might see, that amid all the controversial contemplations in which he seemed involved, the jolly old domestic god of Scottish cheer and moderate hilarity had not yet yielded entire place to the Crumb of Comfort, the Cup of Cold Water to the Parched Spirit, The Afflicted Man's best Companion and Boston's Fourfold State. He lifted up his eyes from the page, and said, " Marion, even before I proceed to matters of spiritual import, let me know what thou hast prepared for the nourishment of the bodies of those whom we have invited according to the fashion of our fathers to sit out the old year and welcome in the new. Name me the supper dishes, I pray thee, that I may know if thou hast scorned the Babylonian observances of the sister church of England in the matter of creature comforts. What hast thou prepared for supper, I pray thee ?—no superstitious meats and drinks, Marion, I hope, but humble and holy, and hale-

some things which nourish the body without risk to the soul. I dread, by thy long silence, woman, that thou hast been seeking to pamper the episcopalian propensities of our appetites by ceremonious and sinful saint-day dishes."

"Ah! William Warpentree," said his douce spouse Marion, covering an old oaken table as she spoke, with a fine pattern'd table cloth, wove by no other hand than that of the devout owner of the feast himself; "Ah!" said she, "what words have escaped from thy lips—superstitious meats and drinks, said ye? Na! na! I cared mair for the welfare of the spirit, and the hope to sing hallelujahs in Abram's bosom, as ye say in prayer yoursel; Ah! Willie, they say, who kenned you in your youth, that ye would sooner gang to Sarah's." "Woman, woman," said the douce man; "what say ye to the supper?" "First, then," quoth his spouse, forsaking unwillingly this darling road of domestic controversy and strife; what have ye to say against a dish of collops scored, nicely simmered owre the head amang Spanish onions?" "Spanish onions, woman," said the elder; "I like not the sound." "Sound," said the dame, "would you lose your supper for a sound? Had they grown in the garden of the Grand Inquisitor, and been sown by some pope or cardinal, then, man, ye might have had your scruples—but they grew in the garden of that upright man, David Bogie; I'll warrant ye'll call the scored collops episcopalian, since they were cut by a knife of Sheffield steel." "Pass to the other viands and vivers, woman," said the elder. "Gladly will I," said his obedient partner; "the mair gladly because it's a gallant Scotch haggis full and fat, and fair. Hearken to the ingredients, Willie, and try them by the scrupulous kirk standard of forbidden luxuries. What say ye against the crushen heart of the kindly corn—a singed sheep's head—plotted, par-boiled, shorn small with a slice of broiled liver ground to powder, and a dozen of onions sliced like wafers, powdered with pepper, and showered owre with salt; the whole mingled with the fat of the ox, and stowed in a bag as pure as burn-

bleached linen, and secured with a peg that would make seven spoolpins. I'll warrant it will spout to the rannel tree when ye stick the knife in it. My certe will't."

At this description of the national dish, the old man displaced the book from his knee, placed his hand on his waistcoat, where time and daily meditation had made some spare cloth, and rising, paced from side to side of his humble abode, with a look of subdued and decent impatience. "I wonder; wonder is an unwise word," said he, checking himself; "for nought is wonderful saving the divine presence, and the divine works; but what in the name of warp and waft—a mechanical exclamation of surprise, and therefore not sinful—what can stay Deacon Treddle, my ain dear doon neighbour, and what can keep Baillie Burnewin! I hope his prentice boy has not burnt his forge again, and made the douce man swear." "Saul to gude man, but ye feu ill." "But we have all our times of weakness—even I myself," he muttered in a low and inaudible tone, have matters to mourn for as well as the wicked; I have buttered my own breakfast with butter which honest men's wives have given me for anointing their webs. I have worn, but that was in my youth, the snawwhite linen purloined from many customers in banks and cuts. And I have looked with an unrighteous eye after that dark-eyed and straight-limbed damosel Mary Macmillan; even I who rebuked her and counselled her before the session, and made even the anointed minister envy the fluency and scriptural force of my admonishment. But in gude time here comes auld Burnewin," and extending his hand as he spoke, it was grasped by a hand protruded from a broad brown mantle, and tinged by exposure at the forge into the hue of a tinker's travelling wallet. "Whole threads, and a weel gaun loom to thee, my douce auld fere," said the Baillie, removing a slouched hat as he spoke, and displaying a rough jolly countenance, on which the heat of his smithy fire had inflicted a tinge that would have done honour to Vulcan's forehead hammer man. "And a hissing weld-

ing heat, and an unburnt tew-iron, and ale fizzing and foaming for thee in thy vocation, my old comrade," returned the weaver, in the current language of his friend's trade. "Aha! Marion lass," said the blacksmith, "I have nae forgot that we were once younkers running among the moonlight on the moat-brae—here's a shawl—I wish it silk for thy sake—ye maun wear it for me at Paste and Yule, and the seven trades dance, and other daimen times;" and enveloping the not unwilling shoulders of the matron in his present, he seated himself by the side of a blazing hearth fire, and promising supper board.

It was now eleven o'clock—the reign of the old year was within an hour of its close, and the din of the street had subsided, partly from the lateness of the hour, and the fall of a shower of thin and powdery snow which abated a little the darkness of the night. A loud scream, and the sound of something falling, were heard at the end of the little narrow close or street which descended from the old Kirk-gate to the residence of the elder. "There's the sound of Deacon Treddle's voice," said Marion, "if ever I heard it in my life; and the cry too of sore affliction." Away without bonnet or mantle ran the old friends of the expected deacon; they found him lying with his face to the pavement, his hands clutched like one in agony. "Something fearful hath happened unto him," said the elder; "he has felt an evil touch, or he has seen some unholy sight; such things have been rife ere now in the land;" and he endeavoured to raise his prostrate friend from the pavement.

"I renounce the sinfulness of long thrums and short ellwands, now and for evermore. Amen;" muttered the overthrown head of the venerable calling of the weavers. "The man's demented," muttered the Elder; "possessed by a demon—fairly possess'd—here, Baillie, bear thou his heels. I'll bear up his head, and let us carry him home, and deliver him up to the admonition of dame Marion." And lifting aloft the weaver as they spoke, away they marched—but not without speech or resistance. Their entrance into the chamber beside dame Marion, seemed

at first to augment his terror—he shut his eyes, and clenched his hands in the resolute agony of despair.

The elder enjoined him to tell him why he was disquieted—and the elder's wife desired to know what elf or brow-nie had scared him out of any little sense he ever laid claim to.

"Oh! hard, hard!" exclaimed the deacon of the weavers; "I maun be frightened out of my senses ae minute with the Packman's ghost, and fairly die in describing it the next." "The Packman's ghost!" exclaimed the three auditors, at once gathering round the affrighted deacon. "Yes! the Packman's ghost," said he; "give me leave to breathe, and I shall tell ye. As I came out to the street, there was a slight fall of snow; the way was as white afore me as a linen web—a light glimmered here and there—the brightest was in the home of Lowrie Linchpin, the Haunted House ye ken; the carle lies in a departing state. As I looked o'er to his window, I thought to myself, the minister or some of the elders will be there, doubtless, and a bonnie death-bed story he'll make o'nt, if he tells the truth. And then I stood and thought, may be, on the wild stories the neighbours tell of sights seen at midnight around his house—how he cannot rest in his bed, but converses with his dumb horse to drown darker thoughts; while atween his own house and the stable, the shadowy fingers of an auld Packman are seen plucking at him. A golden pose Auld Linchpin got by nicking the pedlar's thrapple, else there are many liars. There was my douce gudemother, ye mind her weel Baillie, mony a time she told me, when she was a stripling of a lassie, that the auld Packman (nae other name had he) was seen coming laden, horse and man, along the lane to the house of Lowrie Linchpin. He was never more seen; but his horse ran masterless about the fields, and mony a ride she and Peg Lawson, and Nell Thompson had: their daughters are fine madams now, and would nae like to hear that their mothers rode round the town meadows on a stray horse; but it's true that I tell ye."

"And now," said the deacon, "I

am come to the present concernment. I stood looking at old Ne'er-do-good's house, and thinking how soon he might be summoned, and what a black account he would render ; when lo, and behold ! what should I see coming towards me from auld Lowrie's, but a creature,—the queerest creature that een ever saw ; I thought I should have sunk where I stood, with dread, and yet the worst had not happened. I could nae for my soul take my een from it, and straight towards me it came. I think I see it yet—the breeks of hodan gray, the Packman plaid, and the Kil-marnock bonnet ; the hair of my own head, gray and thin though it be, raised the bonnet from my own brow. Oh ! William Warpentree, could I have remembered but three words of thy prayer which seven times to my knowledge ye have poured out to the men who swear by the wolf's head and shuttle in its mouth, I might have come off crouse perchance, and triumphant. But the world winna credit it—I tried to pray—I tried to bless myself, I could neither do one nor the other, and curses and discreditable oaths came to my lips ; I shall never dare to sing a psalm, or speak of a thing that's holy again."

The deacon's story had proceeded thus far ; Marion had with a light foot, and a diligent hand, and an ear that drank in every word of the narrative, replenished the table with a noble haggis reeking and rich, and distilling streams of amber from every pore ; while from the collops scored a smoke thick and savoury ascended : and a table of inferior size exhibited an ancient punch bowl, curiously hooped and clasped, flanked by a brace of garde-vices, filled to the corks with choice gin and brandy. Upon the whole looked the elder and Baillie with a strong wish that the deacon's adventure with the pedlar's apparition would come to a close. A hurried foot in the street, and a mighty rap, rap, rap, at the door, equal to the demolishing of any ordinary hinges, accomplished the good man's wish. Ere Marion could say—"Come in,"—in started an ancient Kirkgate dame, her hood awry,

and a drinking-cup, which her hurry had not hindered her to drain, though she found no leisure to set it down, was still in her right hand. She stood with her lips apart, and pointed towards the haunted house of old Linchpin, half choked with agitation and haste. "The saints be near us, woman ; have ye seen a spirit also ?" said Baillie Burnewin.—"Spirit," said the dame, an interrogatory suggesting words which she could not otherwise find—"ten times worse than a thousand spirits—I would rather face all the shadows of sinners which haunt the earth, than sit five minutes longer by the bedside of old Lowrie ; the fiends have hold of him, there's little doubt of that—for he's talking to them, and bargaining for a cozie seat in the lower heugh—it's fearful to hear him—and what can have brought the evil spirits around him already—naeboddy will dispute possession ; and then he thinks the Packman is at his elbow, and begins to speak about the old throat-cutting story ; but his wife, a wicked carlin and a stout, lays ever her hand on his mouth and cries out, "he's raving, sirs, he's raving !"—But I think I'm raving myself.—Come away, Elder Warpentree, and try and speak solace to his saul, though it be a rotten and a doomed ane ; he may as well gang to hell with the words of salvation sounding in his ear."

Sore groaned the devout man at this ungracious and untimely summons ; he looked on the smoking supper-table ; he thought on the wretched and worthless being, for whose soul's welfare he was called to minister by prayer and supplication—and despairing of success in his intercession, he threw himself into a chair, pulled it to the head of the table, laid aside his cap, and spread forth his hands like one ready to bless the savoury morsel before him. The Christian spirit of the messenger, reinforced by strong drink, came down like a whirlwind. "A bonnie elder of God's kirk, indeed, to sit down to his smoking supper, with his full-fed cronies aside him—and leave a poor soul to sink among the fathomless waters of eternity.—Had it been a douce and a

devout person that was at death's door, the haste might have been less ; but a being covered with crimes as with a garment, whose left-hand clutched men's gold, and whose right-hand wrought murder, it's a burning shame and a crying scandal, not to fly and seek to save, and send him the road of repentance." During this outpouring of remonstrance and wrath the good man found leisure for reflection ; he rose ere she concluded, assumed his hat and mantle, and saying, " I will go to the couch of this wicked man, but wicked should I be to hold out the hope that an hour of repentance will atone for an age of crime—It's but casting precious words away, ane might as well try to make damask napery out of sackcloth thrums, as make a member for bliss out of such a sinner as Lowrie Linchpin."

When the elder entered the dying man's abode he found him seated in his arm chair, pale and exhausted, his clothes torn to shreds, and his hair (as lint white and long, as if it had waved over the temples of a saint) scattered about in handfuls ; while his wife, a stern and stout old dame, pinioned him down on his seat, and fixed upon him two fierce and threatening eyes, of which he seemed to be in awe. " And what in the fiend's name brought auld Wylie Warpentree here at this uncivil hour, when we have more distress than heart can well endure," said she of the haunted house ; " are ye come to steal our purse under the pretence of prayer, like bonnie Elder Handthegrup ? de'el may care if ye were all dancing on the morning air in a St. Johnstone cravat, the land would be well rid of ye." " Woman, woman," said the elder, in a tone of sorrow and Christian submission, " wherefore should ye asperse the servants of Him above ; I come not here to take, neither come I hither to steal, but I come to one sick and subdued in spirit, sick even unto death, for the hand of the enemy will soon be upon him. Oh man !" said he, addressing the dying person, " if ye had seven years to live, as ye may have but seven minutes ; if your soul was as pure as the unfallen snow, now descending at your window, instead of being stained as with ink, and spotted

as with crimson, I say unto you repent—repent—cast thyself in the ashes—groan and spread thy hands night and morn, and noontide—thy spirit will find it all too little to atone for thy follies, for thy faults, and for——" " Devil ! wilt thou talk about the Pedlar also," exclaimed dame Linchpin, placing her hand as she spoke on the mouth of the elder ; " it's enough that my own poor old demented husband should upbraid me with planning and plotting on't, without thy uncivil tongue. Oh sirs ! but I am a poor broken hearted old woman, and my words should not be minded to my character's harm ;" and she covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

" Aye, aye !" exclaimed her husband, " I'm coming—I'm coming—will ye not indulge me with another little-little-year—I have much to settle—much to do, and much to say, and I'm not so old—what is seventy and eight ?—there's twenty in the parish older, and my limbs are strong and my sight's good—I can see to read the small print Bible without glass, and that's a gallant brag at my time of life. Weel, weel, all flesh is grass, the word says that, and I shall fulfil it—but wherefore am I not to die in my bed like my douce father ? ye will never punish an old man like me—it's bad for the land when the gallows sees gray hairs. Prove it ! who will prove it, I pray thee ?—who shall tell that I slew him for his gold ?—how my wife plotted his death, and helped me bravely to spill his blood, and rille his well filled pack ?—Ah, mony a bonnie summer day has she gone gaily to kirk and market with the price of our salvation on her back—She gave a gallant mantle from the pack to the proud wife of Provost Mucklejohn ; the wife's good luck was ended : she gave a plaid to Baillie Proudfoot, and proud was he no longer ; he was found drowned in the Nith on the third day : it was nae sou-sie to wear the silks and satins, and fine raiment, of which a dead man was the owner. Weel, weel, woman, if ye will tell of me, even tell—all that ye can say, is easily summed. Harken, and I will disclose it myself. He came

with his packs and his pillions filled over his face, muttering, "I thought with rich satins and fine twined linen, it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; and silver in his pouch, and gold in his purse. I was poor and my mind was prone to evil." Here he clenched his teeth, wrung his hands fiercely for a moment, his colour changed, his lip quivered, and he said in a low and determined tone, "I see him, there he sits; a thousand and a thousand times have I seen him seated and watching, and he will have me soon; ah, it's he—it's he! My dog Tippler sees him too, and the creature shivers with fear, for he lapt his blood as it streamed o'er my wife's knuckles upon the floor." The dying man paused again, and he said, "Wife, woman, fiend, why come ye not when I call? Wipe my brow, woman, and clear my een, and let me look on something that seems as a black shadow seated beside me;" and passing his own hand over his eyes, he looked steadfastly on the elder, and uttering a cry of fear, fell back in his chair, and lay with his palms spread

over his face, muttering, "I thought it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; an elder of the kirk! an elder of the kirk! He's come to hearken my disordered words; to listen to my ravings, and bear witness against me. Oh, farewell to the fair, and the honest, and the spotless name my father gave me. The name of my forbears will be put in a prayer, made a proverb in a sermon, and halloosed in a psalm; the old wives as they go to the kirk will shake their Bibles at the naked walls, and the haunted house, and say blood has been avenged." The shudder of death came upon him; he tried to start from his seat; he held out his hands like one repulsing the approach of an enemy, and uttering a loud groan expired. "I have been at many a death-bed," said William Warpentree, resuming his seat at his supper-table, and casting a look of sorrow on the diminished haggis—"but I never was at the marrow of this:—and now for the collops scored."---

## THE HAUNTED SHIPS.

— Though my mind's not  
Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think  
There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood,  
Yea, and the charnell'd earth, than what wise man,  
Who walks so proud as if his form alone  
Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,  
Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed  
O' the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,  
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;  
That shades, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er  
The murderer's dust, and for revenge glare up,  
Even till the stars weep fire for very pity.

**A** LONG the coast of Solway, romantic on the Scottish side, with its woodlands, and bays, and cliffs, and headlands; and interesting on the English side, with its many beautiful towns with their shadows on the water, rich pastures, safe harbours, and numerous ships; there still linger many traditional stories of a maritime nature, most of them connected with superstitions singularly wild and unusual. To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination. In this they resemble the inland traditions of the peasants; but many of the oral treasures of the Galwegian or the Cumbrian coast have the stamp of the Dane and the Norsemen upon them, and claim but a remote or faint affinity with the legitimate legends of Caledonia. Something like a rude prosaic outline of several of the most noted of the northern ballads, the adventures and depredations of the old ocean kings, still lends life to the evening tale; and, among others, the story of the Haunted Ships is still popular among the maritime peasantry.

One fine harvest evening I went on board the shallop of Richard Faulder, of Allanbay; and, committing ourselves to the waters, we allowed a gentle wind from the east to waft us at its pleasure towards the Scottish coast. We passed the sharp promontory of Siddick; and skirting the land within

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a stone cast, glided along the shore till we came within sight of the ruined Abbey of Sweetheart. The green mountain of Criffell ascended beside us; and the bleat of the flocks from its summit, together with the winding of the evening horn of the reapers, came softened into something like music over land and sea. We pushed our shallop into a deep and wooded bay, and sat silently looking on the serene beauty of the place. The moon glimmered in her rising through the tall shafts of the pines of Caerlaverock, and the sky, with scarce a cloud, showered down on wood, and headland, and bay, the twinkling beams of a thousand stars, rendering every object visible. The tide too was coming with that swift and silent swell observable when the wind is gentle; the woody curves along the land were filling with the flood till it touched the green branches of the drooping trees; while in the centre current the roll and the plunge of a thousand pellocks told to the experienced fisherman that salmon were abundant. As we looked, we saw an old man emerging from a path that winded to the shore through a grove of doddered hazel; he carried a halve-net on his back, while behind him came a girl, bearing a small harpoon with which the fishers are remarkably dexterous in striking their prey. The senior seated himself on a large grey stone which overlooked the bay, laid aside his bonnet, and submitted his bosom and neck to the refreshing sea breeze; and taking his harpoon from his attendant, sat with the gravity and composure of a spirit of the flood, with his ministering nymph behind him. We pushed our shallop to the shore, and soon stood at their side. "This is old Mark Macmoran, the mariner, with his grand-daughter Barbara," said Richard Faulder, in a whisper that had something of fear in it; "he knows every creek, and cavern, and quicksand, in Solway,—has seen the Spectre Hound that haunts the Isle of Man;

has heard him bark, and at every bark has seen a ship sink ; and he has seen, too, the Haunted Ships in full sail ; and, if all tales be true, he has sailed in them himself ;—he's an awful person." Though I perceived in the communication of my friend something of the superstition of the sailor, I could not help thinking that common rumour had made a happy choice in singling out old Mark to maintain her intercourse with the invisible world. His hair, which seemed to have refused all intercourse with the comb, hung matted upon his shoulders ; a kind of mantle, or rather blanket, pinned with a wooden skewer round his neck, fell mid-leg down, concealing all his nether garments as far as a pair of hose, darned with yarn of all conceivable colours, and a pair of shoes, patched and repaired till nothing of the original structure remained, and clasped on his feet with two massy silver buckles. If the dress of the old man was rude and sordid, that of his grand daughter was gay, and even rich. She wore a boddice of fine wool, wrought round the bosom with alternate leaf and lily, and a kirtle of the same fabric, which, almost touching her white and delicate ancle, showed her snowy feet so fairy-light and round that they scarcely seemed to touch the grass where she stood. Her hair, a natural ornament which woman seeks much to improve, was of bright glossy brown, and encumbered rather than adorned with a snood, set thick with marine productions, among which the small clear pearl found in the Solway was conspicuous. Nature had not trusted to a handsome shape, and a sylph-like air, for young Barbara's influence over the heart of man ; but had bestowed a pair of large bright blue eyes, swimming in liquid light, so full of love, and gentleness, and joy, that all the sailors from Annanwater to far Saint Bees acknowledged their power, and sung songs about the bonnie lass of Mark Macmoran. She stood holding a small gaff-hook of polished steel in her hand, and seemed not dissatisfied with the glances I bestowed on her from time to time, and which I held more than requited by a single

glance of those eyes which retained so many capricious hearts in subjection.

The tide, though rapidly augmenting, had not yet filled the bay at our feet. The moon now streamed fairly over the tops of Caerlaverock pines, and showed the expanse of ocean dimpling and swelling, on which sloops and shallops came dancing, and displaying at every turn their extent of white sail against the beam of the moon. I looked on old Mark the mariner, who, seated motionless on his grey stone, kept his eye fixed on the increasing waters with a look of seriousness and sorrow in which I saw little of the calculating spirit of a mere fisherman. Though he looked on the coming tide, his eyes seemed to dwell particularly on the black and decayed hulls of two vessels, which, half immersed in the quicksand, still addressed to every heart a tale of shipwreck and desolation. The tide wheeled and foamed around them ; and creeping inch by inch up the side, at last fairly threw its waters over the top, and a long and hollow eddy showed the resistance which the liquid element received. The moment they were fairly buried in the water the old man clasped his hands together, and said, "Blessed be the tide that will break over and bury ye for ever ! Sad to mariners, and sorrowful to maids and mothers, has the time been you have choked up this deep and bonnie bay. For evil were you sent, and for evil have you continued. Every season finds from you its song of sorrow and wail, its funeral processions, and its shrouded corses. Woe to the land where the wood grew that made ye ! Cursed be the axe that hewed ye on the mountains, the hands that joined ye together, the bay that ye first swam in, and the wind that wafted ye here ! Seven times have ye put my life in peril, three fair sons have ye swept from my side, and two bonnie grandbairns ; and now, even now, your waters foam and flash for my destruction, did I venture my infirm limbs in quest of food in your deadly bay. I see by that ripple and that foam, and hear by the sound and singing of your surge, that ye yearn for another victim, but it

shall not be me nor mine." Even as the old mariner addressed himself to the wrecked ships a young man appeared at the southern extremity of the bay, holding his halve-net in his hand, and hastening into the current. Mark rose, and shouted, and waved him back from a place which, to a person unacquainted with the dangers of the bay, real and superstitious, seemed sufficiently perilous: his grand-daughter too added her voice to his, and waved her white hands; but the more they strove the faster advanced the peasant till he stood to his middle in the water, while the tide increased every moment in depth and strength. "Andrew, Andrew," cried the young woman, in a voice quavering with emotion, "turn, turn, I tell you: O the Ships, the Haunted Ships!" but the appearance of a fine run of fish had more influence with the peasant than the voice of bonnie Barbara, and forward he dashed, net in hand. In a moment he was borne off his feet, and mingled like foam with the water, and hurried towards the fatal eddies which whirled and roared round the sunken ships. But he was a powerful young man, and an expert swimmer: he seized on one of the projecting ribs of the nearest hulk, and clinging to it with the grasp of despair, uttered yell after yell, sustaining himself against the prodigious rush of the current. From a sheeling of turf and straw, within the pitch of a bar from where we stood, came out an old woman bent with age, and leaning on a crutch. "I hear the voice of that lad Andrew Lammie; can the chield be drowning that he skirls sae uncannilie?" said the old woman seating herself on the ground, and looking earnestly at the water. "Ou aye," she continued, "he's doomed, he's doomed; heart and hand can never save him; boats, ropes, and man's strength and wit, all vain! vain! he's doomed!" By this time, I had thrown myself into the shallop, followed reluctantly by Richard Faulder, over whose courage and kindness of heart superstition had great power; and with one push from the shore, and some exertion in skulling, we came within a quoit-cast of the unfortunate fisherman. He

staid not to profit by our aid; for when he perceived us near he uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and bounded towards us through the agitated element the full length of an oar. I saw him for a second on the surface of the water; but the eddying current sucked him down; and all I ever beheld of him again was his hand held above the flood, and clutching in agony at some imaginary aid. I sat gazing in horror on the vacant sea before us: but a breathing-time before, a human being, full of youth, and strength, and hope, was there: his cries were still ringing in my ears and echoing in the woods; and now nothing was seen or heard save the turbulent expanse of water, and the sound of its chafing on the shores. We pushed back our shallop, and resumed our station on the cliff beside the old mariner and his descendant. "Wherefore sought ye to peril your own lives fruitlessly?" said Mark, "in attempting to save the doomed. Whoso touches those infernal ships never survives to tell the tale. Woe to the man who is found nigh them at midnight when the tide has subsided and they arise in their former beauty, with fore-castle and deck, and sail, and pennon, and shroud. Then is seen the streaming of lights along the water from their cabin windows, and then is heard the sound of mirth and the clamour of tongues, and the infernal whoop and hallo, and song, ringing far and wide. Woe to the man who comes nigh them." To all this my Allanbay companion listened with a breathless attention. I felt something touched with a superstition to which I partly believed I had seen one victim offered up; and I inquired of the old mariner, "How and when came these haunted ships there? To me they seem but the melancholy relics of some unhappy voyagers, and much more likely to warn people to shun destruction, than entice and delude them to it." "And so," said the old man with a smile, which had more of sorrow in it than of mirth; "and so, young man, these black and shattered hulks seem to the eye of the multitude. But things are not what they seem: that water, a kind and convenient ser-

vant to the wants of man, which seems so smooth, and so dimpling, and so gentle, has swallowed up a human soul even now; and the place which it covers, so fair and so level, is a faithless quicksand, out of which none escape. Things are otherwise than they seem. Had you lived as long as I have had the sorrow to live; had you seen the storms, and braved the perils, and endured the distresses which have befallen me; had you sat gazing out on the dreary ocean at midnight on a haunted coast; had you seen comrade after comrade, brother after brother, and son after son, swept away by the merciless ocean from your very side; had you seen the shapes of friends, doomed to the wave and the quicksand, appearing to you in the dreams and visions of the night; then would your mind have been prepared for crediting the maritime legends of mariners; and the two haunted Danish ships would have had their terrors for you, as they have for all who sojourn on this coast. Of the time and the cause of their destruction I know nothing certain: they have stood as you have seen them for uncounted time; and while all other ships wrecked on this unhappy coast have gone to pieces, and rotted, and sunk away in a few years, these two haunted hulks have neither sunk in the quicksand, nor has a single spar on board been displaced. Maritime legend says, that two ships of Denmark having had permission, for a time, to work deeds of darkness and dolour on the deep, were at last condemned to the whirlpool and the sunken rock, and were wrecked in this bonnie bay, as a sign to seamen to be gentle and devout. The night when they were lost was a harvest evening of uncommon mildness and beauty: the sun had newly set; the moon came brighter and brighter out; and the reapers, laying their sickles at the root of the standing corn, stood on rock and bank, looking at the increasing magnitude of the waters, for sea and land were visible from Saint Bees to Barnhourie. The sails of two vessels were soon seen bent for the Scottish coast; and with a speed outrunning the swiftest ship they approached the

dangerous quicksands and headland of Borranpoint. On the deck of the foremost ship not a living soul was seen, or shape, unless something in darkness and form resembling a human shadow could be called a shape, which flitted from extremity to extremity of the ship, with the appearance of trimming the sails and directing the vessel's course. But the decks of its companion were crowded with human shapes; the captain, and mate, and sailor, and cabin boy, all seemed there: and from them the sound of mirth and minstrelsy echoed over land and water. The coast which they skirted along was one of extreme danger; and the reapers shouted to warn them to beware of sand-bank and rock; but of this friendly counsel no notice was taken, except that a large and famished dog, which sat on the prow, answered every shout with a long, loud, and melancholy howl. The deep sand-bank of Carse-thorn was expected to arrest the career of these desperate navigators; but they passed, with the celerity of waterfowl, over an obstruction which had wrecked many pretty ships.

"Old men shook their heads and departed, saying, 'We have seen the fiend sailing in a bottomless ship; let us go home and pray:' but one young and wilful man said, 'Fiend! I'll warrant it's nae fiend, but douce Janet Wither-shins, the witch, holding a carouse with some of her Cumberland cummers, and mickle red wine will be spilt atween them. Dod I would gladly have a toothfu'! I'll warrant it's nane o' your cauld sour slae-water like a bottle of Baillie Shrinkie's port, but right drap-o'-my-heart's-blood stuff that would waken a body out of their last linen. I wonder where the cummers will anchor their craft?' 'And I'll vow,' said another rustic, 'the wine they quaff is none of your visionary drink, such as a drouthie body has dished out to his lips in a dream; nor is it shadowy and unsubstantial like the vessels they sail in, which are made out of a cockle-shell or a cast-off slipper, or the paring of a seaman's right thumb-nail. I once got a hansel out of a witch's quaigh myself,—auld Marion Mathers of Dustiefoot, whom they

tried to bury in the auld kirk-yard of  
 Dunscore, but the cummer raise as fast  
 as they laid her down, and nae where  
 else would she lie but in the bonnie  
 green kirk-yard of Kier among douce  
 and sponible fowk. So I'll vow that  
 the wine of a witch's cup is as fell li-  
 quor as ever did a kindly turn to a poor  
 man, and be they fiends or be  
 they wits, if they have red wine  
 asteer, I'll risk a drouket sark for ae  
 glorious tout ont.' 'Silence, ye sin-  
 ners,' said the minister's son of a  
 neighbouring parish, who united in his  
 own person his father's lack of devo-  
 tion with his mother's love of liquor.  
 'Whisht!—speak as if ye had the fear  
 of something holy before ye. Let the  
 vessels run their own way to destruc-  
 tion; who can stay the eastern wind,  
 and the current of the Solway sea? I  
 can find ye Scripture warrant for that:  
 so let them try their strength on Blaw-  
 hooly rocks, and their might on the  
 broad quicksand. There's a surf run-  
 ning there would knock the ribs to-  
 gether of a galley built by the imps of  
 the pit, and commanded by the Prince  
 of Darkness. Bonnilie and bravely  
 they sail away there; but before the  
 blast blows by they'll be wrecked;  
 and red wine and strong brandy will  
 be as rife as dyke-water, and we'll  
 drink the health of bonnie Bell Black-  
 ness out of her left-foot slipper.' The  
 speech of the young profligate was ap-  
 plauded by several of his companions,  
 and away they flew to the bay of Blaw-  
 hooly, from whence they never return-  
 ed. The two vessels were observed  
 all at once to stop in the bosom of the  
 bay, on the spot where their hulls now  
 appear: the mirth and the minstrelsy  
 waxed louder than ever; and the forms  
 of maidens, with instruments of music  
 and wine cups in their hands, thronged  
 the decks. A boat was lowered; and  
 the same shadowy pilot who conduct-  
 ed the ships made it start towards the  
 shore with the rapidity of lightning,  
 and its head knocked against the bank  
 where the four young men stood, who  
 longed for the unblest drink. They  
 leaped in with a laugh, and with a  
 laugh were they welcomed on deck;  
 wine cups were given to each, and as  
 they lifted them to their lips the ves-

sels melted away beneath their feet;  
 and one loud shriek, mingled with  
 laughter still louder, was heard over  
 land and water for many miles. Noth-  
 ing more was heard or seen till the  
 morning, when the crowd who came  
 to the beach saw with fear and wonder  
 the two Haunted Ships, such as they  
 now seem, masts and tackle gone; nor  
 mark, nor sign, by which their name,  
 country, or destination could be known,  
 was left remaining. Such is the tradi-  
 tion of the mariners; and its truth has  
 been attested by many families whose  
 sons and whose fathers have been  
 drowned in the haunted bay of Blaw-  
 hooly."

"And trow ye," said the old wo-  
 man, who, attracted from her hut by  
 the drowning cries of the young fisher-  
 man, had remained an auditor of the  
 mariner's legend; "And trow ye,  
 Mark Macmoran, that the tale of the  
 Haunted Ships is done? I can say no  
 to that. Mickle have mine ears heard;  
 but more mine eyes have witnessed  
 since I came to dwell in this humble  
 home by the side of the deep sea. I  
 mind the night weel: it was on Hal-  
 lowmass eve: the nuts were cracked,  
 the apples were ate, and spell and  
 charm were tried at my fireside; till,  
 wearied with diving into the dark  
 waves of futurity, the lads and lasses  
 fairly took to the more visible bless-  
 ings of kind words, tender clasps, and  
 gentle courtship. Soft words in a  
 maiden's ear, and a kindlie kiss o' her  
 lip, were old world matters to me,  
 Mark Macmoran; though I mean not  
 to say that I have been free of the fol-  
 ly of dauning and daffin with a youth  
 in my day, and keeping tryste with  
 him in the dark and lonely places.  
 However, as I say, these times of en-  
 joyment were passed and gone with  
 me; the mair's the pity that pleasure  
 should fly sae fast away—and as I  
 could nae make sport I thought I should  
 not mar any; so out I sauntered into  
 the fresh cold air, and sat down be-  
 hind that old oak, and looked abroad  
 on the wide sea. I had my ain sad  
 thoughts, ye may think, at the time:  
 it was in that very bay my blythe good-  
 man perished, with seven more in his  
 company,—and on that very bank

where ye see the waves leaping and foaming, I saw seven stately corsees streaked, but the dearest was the eighth. It was a woeful sight to me, a widow with four bonnie boys, with nought to support them but these twa hands, and God's blessing and a cow's grass. I have never liked to live out of sight of this bay since that time; and mony's the moonlight night I sit looking on these watery mountains and these waste shores; it does my heart good, whatever it may do to my head. So ye see it was Hallowmass night; and looking on sea and land sat I; and my heart wandering to other thoughts soon made me forget my youthful company at hame. It might be near the howe hour of the night: the tide was making, and its singing brought strange old world stories with it; and I thought on the dangers that sailors endure, the fates they meet with, and the fearful forms they see. My own blythe goodman had seen sights that made him grave enough at times, though he aye tried to laugh them away. Aweel, atween that very rock aneath us and the coming tide, I saw, or thought I saw, for the tale is so dream-like that the whole might pass for a vision of the night, I saw the form of a man: his plaid was grey; his face was grey; and his hair, which hung low down till it nearly came to the middle of his back, was as white as the white sea-foam. He began to bowk and dig under the bank; an' God be near me, thought I, this maun be the unblessed spirit of Auld Adam Gowdgowpin, the miser, who is doomed to dig for shipwrecked treasure, and count how many millions are hidden for ever from man's enjoyment. The Form found something which in shape and hue seemed a left-foot slipper of brass; so down to the tide he marched, and placing it on the water, whirled it thrice round; and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonnie barge with its sails bent, and on board leaped the Form, and scudded swiftly away. He came to one of the Haunted Ships; and striking it with his oar, a fair ship, with mast, and canvass, and mariners, started up: he touched the other Haunted Ship, and

produced the like transformation; and away the three spectre ships bounded, leaving a track of fire behind them on the billows which was long unextinguished. Now was nae that a bonnie and a fearful sight to see beneath the Hallowmass moon? But the tale is far frae finished; for mariners say that once a year, on a certain night, if ye stand on the Borranpoint, ye will see the infernal shallops coming snoring through the Solway: ye will hear the same laugh, and song, and mirth, and minstrelsy, which our ancestors heard; see them bound over the sand banks and sunken rocks like sea-gulls, cast their anchor in Blawhooly bay, while the shadowy figure lowers down the boat, and augments their numbers with the four unhappy mortals to whose memory a stone stands in the kirk-yard, with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon it. Then the spectre ships vanish, and the drowning shriek of mortals, and the rejoicing laugh of fiends are heard, and the old hulls are left as a memorial that the old spiritual kingdom has not departed from the earth. But I maun away, and trim my little cottage fire, and make it burn and blaze up bonnie to warm the crickets, and my cold and crazy bones, that maun soon be laid aneath the green sod in the eerie kirk-yard." And away the old dame tottered to her cottage, secured the door on the inside, and soon the hearth-flame was seen to glimmer and gleam through key-hole and window.

"I'll tell ye what," said the old mariner, in a subdued tone, and with a shrewd and suspicious glance of his eye after the old sybil, "it's a word that may not very well be uttered, but there are many mistakes made in evening stories if old Moll Moray there, where she lives, knows not mickle more than she is willing to tell of the Haunted Ships and their unhallowed mariners. She lives cannilie and quietly; no one knows how she is fed or supported; but her dress is aye whole, her cottage ever smokes, and her table lacks neither of wine, white and red, nor of fowl and fish, and white bread and brown. It was a dear scoff to Jock Matheson, when he called old

Moll the uncannie carline of Blawhooly: his boat ran round and round in the centre of the Solway,—every body said it was enchanted,—and down it went head foremost: and had nae Jock been a swimmer equal to a sheldrake he would have fed the fish;—but I'll warrant it sobered the lad's speech; and he never reckoned himself safe till he made auld Moll the present of a new kirtle and a stone of cheese.”

“O father,” said his grand-daughter Barbara, “ye surely wrong poor old Mary Moray: what use could it be to an old woman like her, who has no wrongs to redress, no malice to work out against mankind, and nothing to seek of enjoyment save a cannie hour and a quiet grave—what use could the fellowship of fiends and the communion of evil spirits be to her? I know Jenny Primrose puts rowan-tree above the door-head when she sees old Mary coming; I know the good wife of Kittle-naket wears rowan-berry leaves in the headband of her blue kirtle, and all for the sake of averting the unsonsie glance of Mary's right ee; and I know that the auld laird of Burntroutwater drives his seven cows to their pasture with a wand of witchtree, to keep Mary from milking them. But what has that to do with haunted shallops, visionary mariners, and bottomless boats? I have heard myself as pleasant a tale about the Haunted Ships and their unworldly crews as any one would wish to hear in a winter evening. It was told to me by young Benjie Macharg, one summer night, sitting on Arbigland bank: the lad intended a sort of love meeting; but all that he could talk of was about smearing sheep and shearing sheep, and of the wife which the Norway elves of the Haunted Ships made for his uncle Sandie Macharg. And I shall tell ye the tale as the honest lad told it to me. Alexander Macharg, besides being the laird of three acres of peatmoss, two kale gardens, and the owner of seven good milch cows, a pair of horses, and six pet sheep, was the husband of one of the handsomest women in seven parishes. Many a lad sighed the day he was bridged; and a Nithsdale laird and two Annandale moorland farmers drank themselves to

their last linen, as well as their last shilling, through sorrow for her loss. But married was the dame; and home she was carried, to bear rule over home and her husband, as an honest woman should. Now ye maun ken that though the flesh and blood lovers of Alexander's bonnie wife all ceased to love and to sue her after she became another's, there were certain admirers who did not consider their claim at all abated, or their hopes lessened by the kirk's famous obstacle of matrimony. Ye have heard how the devout minister of Tinwald had a fair son carried away, and bedded against his liking to an unchristened bride, whom the elves and the fairies provided: ye have heard how the bonnie bride of the drunken laird of Soukitup was stolen by the fairies out at the back-window of the bridal chamber, the time the bridegroom was groping his way to the chamber door; and ye have heard—but why need I multiply cases? such things in the ancient days were as common as candle-light. So ye'll no hinder certain water elves and sea fairies, who sometimes keep festival and summer mirth in these old haunted hulks, from falling in love with the weel-faured wife of Laird Macharg; and to their plots and contrivances they went how they might accomplish to sunder man and wife; and sundering such a man and such a wife was like sundering the green leaf from the summer, or the fragrance from the flower. So it fell on a time that Laird Macharg took his halve-net on his back, and his steel spear in his hand, and down to Blawhooly bay gade he, and into the water he went right between the two haunted hulks, and placing his net awaited the coming of the tide. The night, ye maun ken, was mirk, and the wind lowne, and the singing of the increasing waters among the shells and the pebbles was heard for sundry miles. All at once lights began to glance and twinkle on board the two Haunted Ships from every hole and seam, and presently the sound as of a hatchet employed in squaring timber echoed far and wide. But if the toil of these unearthly workmen amazed the Laird, how much more was

his amazement increased when a sharp shrill voice called out, 'Ho ! brother, what are you doing now ?' A voice still shriller responded from the other haunted ship. 'I'm making a wife to Sandie Macharg !' and a loud quavering laugh running from ship to ship, and from bank to bank, told the joy they expected from their labour. Now the laird, besides being a devout and a God-fearing man, was shrewd and bold ; and in plot, and contrivance, and skill in conducting his designs, was fairly an overmatch for any dozen land elves : but the water elves are more subtle ; besides, their haunts and their dwellings being in the great deep, pursuit and detection is hopeless if they succeed in carrying their prey to the waves. But ye shall hear. Home flew the laird,—collected his family around the hearth,—spoke of the signs and the sins of the times, and talked of mortification and prayer for averting calamity ; and finally taking his father's Bible, brass clasps, black print, and covered with calf-skin, from the shelf, he proceeded without let or stint to perform domestic worship. I should have told ye that he bolted and locked the door, shut up all inlet to the house, threw salt into the fire, and proceeded in every way like a man skilful in guarding against the plots of fairies and fiends. His wife looked on all this with wonder ; but she saw something in her husband's looks that hindered her from intruding either question or advice, and a wise woman was she. Near the mid hour of the night the rush of a horse's feet was heard, and the sound of a rider leaping from its back, and a heavy knock came to the door accompanied by a voice, saying, 'The cummer drink's hot, and the knave bairn is expected at Laird Laurie's to-night ; sae mount, good-wife, and come.' 'Preserve me !' said the wife of Sandie Macharg ; 'that's news indeed ; who could have thought it ? the laird has been heirless for seventeen year ! Now Sandie, my man, fetch me my skirt and hood.' But he laid his arm round his wife's neck, and said, 'If all the lairds in Galloway go heirless, over this door threshold shall you not stir to-night ; and I have said,

and I have sworn it : seek not to know why nor wherefore—but, Lord, send us thy blessed morn-light.' The wife looked for a moment in her husband's eyes, and desisted from further entreaty. 'But let us send a civil message to the gossips, Sandy ; and hadnae ye better say I am sair laid with a sudden sickness ; though it's sinful-like to send the poor messenger a mile agate with a lie in his mouth without a glass of brandy.' 'To such a messenger, and to those who sent him, no apology is needed,' said the austere laird, 'so let him depart.' And the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the muttered imprecations of its rider on the churlish treatment he had experienced. 'Now Sandie, my lad,' said his wife, laying an arm particularly white and round about his neck as she spoke, 'are you not a queer man and a stern ? I have been your wedded wife now these three years ; and, beside my dower, have brought you three as bonnie bairns as ever smiled aneath a summer sun. O man, you a douce man, and fitter to be an elder than even Willie Greer himself, I have the minister's ain word for't, to put on these hard-hearted looks, and gang waving your arms that way, as if ye said, 'I winna take counsel of sic a hempie as you,' your ain leal wife ; I will and I maun have an explanation.' To all this Sandie Macharg replied, 'It is written—"wives obey your husbands ;" but we have been stayed in our devotion, so let us pray ;' and down he knelt : his wife knelt also, for she was as devout as bonnie ; and beside them knelt their household, and all lights were extinguished. 'Now this beats a', ' muttered his wife to herself ; 'however, I shall be obedient for a time ; but if I dinna ken what all this is for before the morn by sunket-time, my tongue is nae langer a tongue, nor my hands worth wearing.' The voice of her husband in prayer interrupted this mental soliloquy ; and ardently did he beseech to be preserved from the wiles of the fiends and the snares of Satan ; from witches, **ghosts**, goblins, elves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies ; from the spectre shallop of Solway ; from spirits visible and invisible ; from

the Haunted Ships and their unearthly tenants; from maritime spirits that plotted against godly men, and fell in love with their wives—’ ‘Nay, but his presence be near us!’ said his wife in a low tone of dismay. ‘God guide my gude-man’s wits: I never heard such a prayer from human lips before. But Sandie, my man, lordsake rise: what fearful light is this—barn, and byre, and stable, maun be in a blaze; and Hawkie and Hurley, Doddie, and Cherrie, and Damson plum, will be smooored with reek, and scorched with flame.’ And a flood of light, but not so gross as a common fire, which ascended to heaven and filled all the court before the house, amply justified the good wife’s suspicions. But to the terrors of fire Sandie was as immovable as he was to the imaginary groans of the barren wife of Laird Laurie; and he held his wife, and threatened the weight of his right hand—and it was a heavy one—to all who ventured abroad, or even unbolted the door. The neighing and prancing of horses, and the bellowing of cows, augmented the horrors of the night; and to any one who only heard the din it seemed that the whole outstead was in a blaze, and horses and cattle perishing in the flame. All wiles, common or extraordinary, were put in practice to entice or force the honest farmer and his wife

to open the door; and when the like success attended every new stratagem, silence for a little while ensued, and a long, loud, and shrilling laugh wound up the dramatic efforts of the night. In the morning, when Laird Macharg went to the door, he found standing against one of the pilasters a piece of black ship oak, rudely fashioned into something like human form, and which skilful people declared would have been clothed with seeming flesh and blood, and palmed upon him by elfin adroitness for his wife, had he admitted his visitants. A synod of wise men and women sat upon the woman of timber, and she was finally ordered to be devoured by fire, and that in the open air. A fire was soon made, and into it the elfin sculpture was tossed from the prongs of two pair of pitchforks. And the blaze that arose was awful to behold; and hissings, and burstings, and loud cracklings, and strange noises, were heard in the midst of the flame; and when the whole sunk into ashes a drinking cup of some precious metal was found; and this cup, fashioned no doubt by elfin skill, but rendered harmless by the purification with fire, the sons and daughters of Sandie Macharg and his wife drink out of to this very day.”

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

## THE SHAM GHOST

**M**ONSIEUR Capricorne, a native of Montpellier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology; an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune possessed but a very trifling one himself. All his riches were comprised in a cottage, at Vitra, and five hundred livres per annum, with which he supported himself, a daughter (a lovely girl about one-and-twenty,) and Gertrude, an old female domestic.

He had, with great exactness, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the astrological

houses, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in so many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical precision, he announced publicly that she was born to possess great riches. Presuming on this, he had refused the offers of numberless lovers, whose figures did not promise what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miss Adeline, was so fortunate as to chuse, by chance (for he did not by his own wisdom,) an hour that every way tallied with the astrologer's imagination.

Mr. Buffonet (his name) was as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricorn was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by several grains, than the astrologer; but, to compensate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's consent, he commenced his attack, the following day, with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a *legitimate* sonnet,—the forerunners of a solemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previously fixed her affections on a neighbouring youth called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company.

Old Capricorne, however, infatuated with the poet's horoscope, insisted seriously on her resolving to marry him.—This fiat was no sooner known, than a counsel of the three opponents was called; and, after much debate, Gertrude fixed on this stratagem:—Adeline was to feign the fool, La Grange to raise a report of his death, and the rest was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell ill, and begged to see the astrologer. He visited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercise it without flattery. Mr. Capricorne drew a variety of figures, and presently, with a gloomy countenance pronounced him a dead man in six hours.

La Grange followed his prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted gave up the ghost. A

friend at whose house he was concealed, filled a coffin with rubbish, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricorne, exulting in his science, attended the funeral.

Adeline, the instant she heard of the death of La Grange, began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had cost her father many hours of lost time, she tore to pieces in his presence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a visit, she smartly exercised a cane on his back, which led him to make a similar conclusion, and to decline the honour of an alliance with the Capricorne family. The astrologer, however had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he should refuse his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madness as an excuse, and demanded time to endeavour to get her cured; protesting that he would rather lose his whole fortune, than take her in her present state, with the disposition she had manifested towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a physician to see Miss Adeline. The patient was at the moment lolling in an arm-chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick stick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulse, and, after a great deal of technical nonsense, affirmed that he had no hesitation to say, that the patient was *non compos mentis*; in English——mad.

“Mad!——I mad!” cried Adeline, starting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the shoulders of the physician and poet, with so much alertness, that each had received a dozen smart strokes before the father perceived what she was about; and when he offered to interpose, Gertrude prevented him, fearing, as she said, that he should be beaten by his daughter.

The catastrophe of this scene made the poet resolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would as soon marry Tisiphone, as such a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme; she therefore took an oppor-

tunity of talking to Mr. Capricorne; and after telling him that he had in some measure by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangement, she said——

“ But the evil does not end here ; for, to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bed-chamber ; and——Oh ! if you could see how, in the transports of her madness, she embraces and hugs his poor Ghost, you could not but regret your not having consented to their union.”

——“ Éh !—What !” cried old Capricorne, staring :——“ His ghost appear to my daughter ! Well, then, I must see it.———Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask it about the stars !”

“ Well—well,” said Gertrude, “ so you shall. And, that it may not do you a mischief on account of its death, I will read a prayer, I have, against spirits ; and then you'll have nothing to fear.”

Every thing being thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table.——The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet ; and the astrologer, with old Gertrude, stood sentry in the closet.

In a few minutes the ghost with a violent rumbling, issued from his hiding-place, and, opened the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times——“ Adeline !—Adeline !—Adeline !”

I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of old Capricorne. He could barely utter——“ Say—say the prayer !—say it, dear Gertrude !—say it—quick !”

Gertrude mumbled over some words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, and threw her arms around La Grange's neck ; said innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost assumed a graver air, and ejaculated, with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre——

"Oh!!—touch me not! Thy father has been my death; but he shall be punished, unless he consent to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to re-animate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him."

Old Capricorne's curiosity about the stars was at an end. —A fountain of perspiration poured from his quivering limbs. Pressing close to Gertrude, he muttered—"What shall I do!—what shall I do! Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me! *Why* don't you speak?—What shall I do?"

"A pretty question!" she replied. "Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to the marriage: that's all he wants."

"Consent!—ay, that I will, with all my soul!" said he: "but, as to stepping out, I had rather not. You go—Go, and say what you please."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricorne himself. She now drew the astrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

"I will not take thy word," said he. "Gertrude,—here, in my bosom thou wilt find a paper; draw it forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers (now in hell) that ever breathed, to make it fast and binding. Sign!"

The contract being signed, La Grange said—"A part of what is to be done, is done; but I shall not revive until thou hast unburthened me of this winding sheet, and my corse, even with thine own hands, laid in thy daughter's bed; and when I shall resuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony."

Capricorne and Gertrude directly set about undressing this living corse, and quickly placed it in the bed by the side of its dear Adeline. La Grange was no sooner there than, heaving a deep sigh, he exclaimed——

“ Ah!—Heaven be praised, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricorne !”

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## THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

Is my soul tamed

And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field  
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,  
The airy-shapes of the corpses they enwomb?  
And what if 'tis so—shall I lose the crown  
Of my most golden hope, cause its fair circle  
Is haunted by a shadow?

*Old Play.*

ON the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allambay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond, you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalswinton and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in Scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide-mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild-plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and

lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river-bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with waterfowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before.

Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neigh-

bour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide, sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, as one will conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which passing through the ends of two pieces of flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathize—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away.

I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow; he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good green-sward—it is hale-some and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o'Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o'Kempstane will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit—they are godless fear-noughts." I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel,—a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax,—while his legs were warmly cased in

blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me—a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:—"This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither; and while she continued to browse, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks, for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests." "Ay, ay," said the peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile, "they have braved sundry tempests between sixteen and sixty; but touching this pasture, sir, I know nobody who would like to crop it—the aged cattle shun the place—the birds never build in the branches—the children never come near to play—and the aged never chuse it for a resting-place; but pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, sir, having no good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblest place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there." I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o'Caerlaverock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed. "My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and

corner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie of Dookdub.” The peasant seized my hand—“Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o’ Dookdub—whom I wooed so sair, and loved sae lang!—I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the Story of the **Ghost** and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost.”

“You may imagine, then,” said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable English—“you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened and covered with a coating of green brom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years.—There are only two persons living now, who remember when the *Bonne-Homme-Richard*, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock-sand—one of these persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God’s judgments are. Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season;—but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon arises now, as they did then—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind,—sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun:—I heard my father sigh, and say, ‘dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.’ The day was closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still—frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon

heard mingling with the hasty clang of the waterfowls’ wings as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side—but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvas rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment, showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, ‘Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead man’s bank?’—and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest

interposed between the bay at Dead-man's bank, and the bay at our feet ; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of douce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land.—I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair ; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound.—Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

*First Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, why do you weep ?  
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,  
Though the heaven be mirker, than mirk may be,  
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—  
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night  
When our bridal candles gleamed far and bright."—  
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,  
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

*Second Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, why do you cry ?  
Though the waves be flashing top-mast high,  
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,  
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,  
There is one who comes in the time of need,  
And curbs the waves at we curb a steed"—  
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,  
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

*First Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,  
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,  
Then flashes high as Barnhourie brave,  
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave—  
Though 'twixt thee and this ravening flood  
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood,  
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,  
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

*Both.*

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave,  
Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave  
And cling to me, with that white right hand,  
And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."—  
A lightning flash on the shallop strook,  
The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,  
From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,  
That were heard above the tempest's blast.—

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded—"The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabating fury ; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the green-sward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners ; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element—but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the freestone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along ; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others. When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself—the ship, dashed to atoms, covered the shore with its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners—not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him.—'O,

Gilbert, Gilbert, what a frightful sight is this—has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul ?—‘ Nor soul nor body have I saved,’ said the fisherman, doggedly : ‘ I have done my best—the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me—their boat alone came near with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.’ My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, ‘ If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine—if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners’ redemption, thou hast much to answer for.’—As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood—it almost left its foam on their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long—had been forcibly rent away—the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off—the rings removed from her fingers—and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground.—My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes—but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman, from that time too, waxed rich and prosperous—and from being the needy proprietor of a halvenet, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance—proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha’; and became a lead-

ing man in a flock of a purer kind of Presbyterians—and a precept and example to the community.

“ Though the portioner of Gyrape-ha’ prospered wondrously—his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all : though nothing open or direct was said—looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated—the cause was left to his own penetration. The peasant scrupled to become his servant—sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep—the beggar ceased to solicit an *aumous*—the drover and the horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand—his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married—no maiden would hold tryste with his sons—though maidens were then as little loth as now ; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say—‘ The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee—and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake.’ It happened during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in star-light as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion—the former was, therefore untenanted ; and the latter, from its vantage ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing—a revelry common in Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the water-fowl swimming and ducking in the encreasing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth—looked to

the sea—looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said : ‘ My son, I have a counsel to give thee—treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life—the daughters of *him* of Gyrape-ha’ are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest—their father has wealth—I say nought of the way he came by it—they will have golden portions doubtless.—But I would rather lay thy head aneath the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard, and son have I none beside thee, than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean—I may not now tell thee why this warning is given. Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said Prudence Gyrape, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have long thought some one would see a sight—and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear—for where blood is shed there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight !’ I answered not—being accustomed to regard my father’s counsel as a matter not to be debated—as a solemn command: we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water—accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide. ‘ God haud his right-hand about us !’ said my father, breathing thick with emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life.—I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light, dancing along the surface of the sea: it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman’s cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination.—‘ I’ll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyrape,’ said my father, ‘ I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and proprietor of thy right-hand, for all the treasures in the earth and ocean.’—A loud and piercing scream from the cottage made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures

of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smugglers, who infested the country; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade—for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution. ‘ I vow by the night tide, and the crooked timber,’ said Willie Weethause, ‘ I never saw sic a light as yon since our distillation pipe took fire, and made a burnt, instead of a drink-offering of our spirits—I’ll uphold it comes for nae good—a warning may be—sae ye may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi’ yere wickedness—as for me, I’se gae hame and repent.’—‘ Saulless bodie !’ said his companion, whose natural hardiness was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy cup—‘ Saulless bodie, for a flaff o’ fire and a maiden’s shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade.—Saul to gude ! but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thrassie into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin. Confound the fizenless bodie ! he glowers as if this fine star-light were something frae the warst side of the world, and thae staring e’en o’ his are busy shaping heaven’s sweetest and balmiest air into the figures of wraiths and goblins.’—‘ Robin Telfer,’ said my father, addressing the third smuggler, ‘ tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft—but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.’ ‘ I’ll tell ye what, goodman,’ said the mariner, ‘ I have seen the fires o’ heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o’ punch at a merry making, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye’ll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one’s courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od ! if thought

living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I'd drill his breast-bane wi' my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.' My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook with terror, for it seemed no common light. 'Ou, God! then,' said hopeful Robin, 'since it was one o' our ain cannie sea-apparitions I care less about it—I took it for some landward spright! and now I think on't, where were my een? did it no stand amang its own light, with its long hanks of hair dripping, and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I'll be bound it's the **ghost** o' some sonsie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold—and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o' brandy, I would have ask'd a cannie question or twae.' Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. 'The tide serves, lads! the tide serves—let us slip our drap o' brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or the town quarry—ye ken we have to meet Bailie Gardevine, and laird Soukaway o' Laldemouth.'—They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

"The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions.—With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a **ghost** only a certain

quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or a kind of better sort of will-o'-the-wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds—and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea coast—it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the fisherman,—like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers. I heard douce Thomas Haining,—a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head,—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Rood-fair of Dumfries—the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself,—he was liling and singing the cannie of the auld sang, "There's a cuttie stool in our Kirk,"—which was made on some foolish quean's misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses' feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the Fisherman! 'Little wonder that he galloped,' said the elder, 'for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.' But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children. and on all he possessed—his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head

in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him.”

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle,—the remains of stockings and shoes were on his feet—a kind of fisherman’s cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him—“Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert the fisherman—once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o’er again, in imagination;—his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice too, as if something in the water required his counsel—and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being.” I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice; “O hoy! the ship, O hoy,—turn your boat’s head ashore—and my bonnie lady, keep haud o’ yere casket—Hech bet! that wave would

have sunk a three decker, let be a slender boat—see—see an’ she binna sailing aboon the water like a whiteswan;”—and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water—“Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me—ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and o’er many diamonds on your bosom, to ’scape drowning. There’s as mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathoms deep.” And he continued to hold his hands under the water—muttering all the while.—“She’s half gone now—and I’ll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crouselly to kirk and market—now I may let the waves work their will—my work will be ta’en for theirs.”—He turned to wade to the shore, but a large and heavy wave came dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late—for nature was so exhausted with the fullness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him.—The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the **Ghost** with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

the *Ladies' Monitor*.

## THE GHOST: A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In a romantic village, situate nearly in the centre of Maryland, an opinion prevails currently that the old, uninhabited thatched cottage at the foot of a steep rocky hill was infested with a ghost. The youthful villagers in their rambles to Katy the fortune-teller, whose house lay in a strait direction with the haunted cottage, would take a round of at least half a mile to avoid meeting the spectre, whose fiery eyes, grinning teeth and blazing lantern, had scared many old and young women almost out of their wits. Many consultations had been held among them what means to adopt to banish the ghost from the cottage, as it had been useless for many years, and was, by slow degrees, falling into ruins. Sometimes the ghost was seen flying from the well to the barn, at other times he was seen gambolling on the roof of the cottage, the one side of which lay on the upper floor. Such devastation had time made on poor Arthur's cottage that the doors were unhinged and lay mouldering against their casements, the spring-house which had contained many pounds of butter and cheese, lay now waste and was slowly falling to naught—the beach-trees which were amply ranged round the spring-house were entirely forsaken, and for many years had not felt the incision of the lovers penknife. Many old people in the village had known old Arthur in the prime of their youth; and just as he was seen by them in his white cap and leather apron, so he was now seen at times by their children. What could make him wander they could not conjecture, as during his time of pilgrimage he had lived a god-

ly, righteous and upright life; he was never known to omit going to church.—Sometimes to besure, he would be a little drunk and whip his old wife, but certainly such a trifle would not take him to a bad place, or many of our fine folks would by this time be seen walking with fiery eyes and grinning teeth. Be that as it may, Arthur kept possession of the house and wandered many years after poor Debby and himself had been laid in their quiet graves.

On a time it happened that a party of young villagers had agreed to go that evening to see Katy, who lived beyond poor Arthur's cottage, to have future events predicted to them, when the usual objection was started to passing the ghost. Some of the youths, either more brave or perverse, determined to pass the haunted cottage and defy old Arthur; others, more cautious and considerate for their trembling partners, were for taking the round road: the girls unanimously objected to passing the cottage; but those who were smitten with the brave lads at length determined to share their fate. After the preliminaries were adjusted they all set out, and, at the cross-roads, shook hands with a hearty laugh at each other, and betook themselves to their respective routes.

The moon was in its first quarter, and shed light enough to throw a shadow from every object. Those of the party that had acted precautionously, were jocose and merry at the expense of the others, whom they expected to meet with pale and ghastly visages, with a tale of—"how Arthur danced and capered when he saw them, and how they scattered about, the girls one way and the lads another; how his voice sounded like proceeding from a hollow mountain," and many surmises that were founded on the tales which had long since been related of the ghost, when they came in view, and could distinctly hear each other prating across the field, near the pointed corner of which was Katy's abode.

They met—the cautious number were laughed at for cowards. They had then about twenty paces to go, and this little stretch of land was wild and bushy. Now that there was no danger to be apprehended from poor Arthur, they could give vent to the bravery of their spirit and laugh at the rest of the villagers for fools to believe in spirits and ghosts.

when a loud scream from one of the girls, crying—"Oh heaven! there he is!" spread general panic and confusion among them; each took his own course, and he or she that could run swiftest was most safe from the fangs of Arthur's ghost.

At length they were all safely assembled around Katy's kitchen fire. The crackling of the faggots and the dim light of the lamp by which Katy was spinning, by no means tended to dissipate their fear. None of the company had seen the ghost but Hebe, yet her description of him was so frightful that their hair all stood on end at the relation, which was as follows:—

"Oh Lord! I thought I should 'a sunk when I turn'd my eyes that way towards the moon, and saw him leaning over the fence. I only saw one of his eyes, but that was all in a blaze and as big as any saucer: then there was one of his white, long arms stretched out and looked for all the world like a rail; and his teeth, oh! if you had seen his teeth! mercy, they were as long and as white as our Mealy's new ivory needle-case. It seemed as if he was laughing, for I saw his grin from ear to ear; but the worst of it was that the teeth were the very colour of the moonlight. The Lord protect me from ever seeing such a sight again!"

That solemnity which is inseparably connected with such tales, when delivered in the presence of those whose minds have, from their earliest childhood, been impregnated with the belief of ghosts, was awfully displayed among this little group; their eyes were stretched, their mouths spread, and their visages lengthened to a ghastly length; they sat close to each other, and expectation, wonder, and affright were visibly depicted on their countenances. The fraudulent ghost had cheated poor Katy out of many sixpences for that evening, for the villagers had entirely forgot the purpose of their direful visit, and each wished, without daring to utter it, that he had remained at home. Katy, for her part, had made up her mind to move from thence, for she said she was sure that if Arthur should ever open her door to come in to warm himself she would die with fear.

Katy, though a fortune-teller, was a good hearted soul; she saw the fear that prevailed among her

young visitors, chiefly on account of having to re-pass the place where Hebe had seen the ghost, invited them to stay that night—not that she was afraid herself—no, she only studied their safety. Three great bundles of straw were brought in, spread on the kitchen floor before the fire, and thus appropriated for beds for the youths; fire was made up in the sanded parlour for the girls, and beds and bed-cloaths spread about on the floor, and then they all betook themselves to rest.

The next day the new story of poor Arthur was spread like lightning through the village, with many additions and much exaggeration. It happened as one of the village girls was telling the tale to the landlady, that a gentleman traveller stood listening with a smile to the child: he had much curiosity to see the sequestered cottage where the evil sprite dwelt that spread so much panic among his neighbours, and resolved to stay in the village till evening, to explore the spot.

When evening had set in, and twilight was slowly subsiding to usher in moon-light, the gentleman, attended by his servant, was seen to walk directly toward the haunted cottage. All the villagers blessed him for a fool, and piously hoped that he might return in safety. His pace was steady, and he was seen to enter the woods that separated the village from the haunted cottage.

The servant trembled at an aspen leaf, but his master entered the ruinous cottage undauntedly. A small room covered with dirt, stones, and moss, was what first attracted their attention; a partition, with a door that led into an inner apartment, was standing, as if bidding defiance to time. As the gentleman touched the latch of the partition door, they heard something spring and fall in that room. The servant begged his master in the most supplicating terms to desist, for the ghost might, by chance, strangle them both: he was bade to hold his tongue. With a little struggle the door gave way—and, behold, poor old Arthur lay stretched in full length on the floor!—The servant fainted—but the master, with extended horsewhip, ordered the poor ghost to rise. Masa, have pity on me and I will, said poor Arthur. So, you dog, you can speak, can you? Yes, masa, me can. What is your name?

My name is Hector, but de people call me Arthur. Who brought you here? Me brought myself here. Who is your master? Me got no masa—me lived here dis hundred an' hundred years. Will you lie, you dog? Me no lie, masa, me live here since my masa say me be nineteen year old. Then you have had a master? Yes, me had a master once. What was his name? His name be Edmund Van Vilt; he whipt me, and den I rund away and come just two day after poor Arthur die. And how have you maintained yourself? Me go to the far off town and beg, and den at night me come and stay till me eat it all up and den me go begging again.

By this time the servant had come too, and ran off with the swiftness of lightning to apprise the villagers of the news: He told them that his master was confined by the ghost, and begged them to go with all possible speed to rescue him, whose life might by that time be much in danger. About twenty of the stoutest young men provided themselves with clubs, and with much bravery marched toward the haunted cottage, to lay siege to it.

Before they had time to reach the spot, the poor, emaciated, trembling ghost, had been brought into the moon-light. Horror seized upon the souls of the villagers when, from the verge of the woods, they espied the gentleman holding familiar converse with the sprite. His white cap, white leather apron, and fiery eyes, were distinctly seen by the light of the moon, and they were on the point of returning homeward, when the gentleman called on them to approach.

How great was their surprise and astonishment, when on drawing near they beheld a poor, aged negro, whose grisly grey head and secluded life, had given rise, for many years back, to horror, fear, and panic, to the neighbouring villagers for many miles around. The gentleman was instrumental in having him placed in the county poor-house; and black Hector went, to the day of his death, by the appellation of *Arthur's Ghost*.

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INGRATITUDE is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.